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Week of March 1, 1942



No. 6— The Covered Wagon Girl

Susanna's lover rides upon
The road that Fate's assigned him,
For he's heading out to Oregon
With his banjo slung behind him.

The homespun shirt that clothes his back
Is all he has to brag on.
His fortune hides in a gunny sack
And his house is a creaking wagon.

And often when the night comes down
And the dewdrops fall like manna,
He thinks of the Pennsylvania town
Where first he met Susanna.

Oh, the trail is hard and the journey grim,
Uncertain is the weather.
But Susanna doesn't cry for him,
Since they're traveling out together.

Maid in America

by Henry Clive
Verses by Phyllis McGinley



The Wealthy Noblemen Is Very Fond of His Three Little Girls, But He Needs a Son in Order to Possess His Castle and Fortune On to His Own Offspring.

A Duke Who Wants to More Daughters

SIR BERNARD MARMADUKE FITZALAN-HOWARD, 16th Duke of Norfolk, Earl Marshal, Hereditary Marshal and Chief Butler of England, is so rich and powerful that he can have almost anything his heart desires.

Next to the Royal Family, His Grace is tops in England. He is worth \$50,000,000, owns a 49,000-acre estate and a castle with hundreds of rooms. He eats out a gold dinner service that weighs a ton and is valued at \$200,000. In spite of all this, the Duke is worried. Ever since his marriage to the pretty daughter of Lord Belper, he has kept a blue nursery room and again awaiting the arrival of a son and heir. But the Duchess has failed to take the hint. Every year she has presented him with a baby daughter and so more room has been painted pink in the historic pile for the feminine newcomer who, of course, can't be put in the blue boy's room.

Greybeards and old crones on his vast acreage shake their heads. They tell their neighbors of the old legend that the first-born in the Fitzalan-Howard family is always a girl.

But something has happened. The Duke's three children are all girls. The curse, if it is, has truly wreaked its vengeance on the son-hungry Duke.

Like most old legends, there isn't much truth in this one. But the Duke's father was faced with a similar predicament. The old Duke, as he was affectionately called, married the daughter of Lord Downton over 60 years ago. His bride was beautiful, wealthy and highborn. Her mother had been a countess in her own right, a unique privilege in the peerage of Great Britain.

They had one son, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief. For once and for all, they thought, the old legend had been disproved, and so it would seem.

The young Earl was well-liked and would have made a fine Duke when he succeeded his father. But he never got the chance. He died when he was only 23 years old, before his education had finished and given him time to choose a bride from England's eligibles. The Earl's mother had died a few years after her son's birth and the Duke had not remarried.

A perplexing question then arose. The Duke was 55 years old and without an heir. In Great Britain, the rules and laws covering the succession to a peerage are as strict as the Ten Commandments.

No girl child can inherit a Dukedom, nor can a sonless Duke adopt a child to inherit his estates. If the Duke, like the present Duke of Norfolk, has daughters but no sons, the daughters are kicked out of the castles and estates when some distant relative male takes up his duties as Duke—and heir.

This is a tough blow on any family man, but especially on a Duke whose private fortune may be too small, to care for his highborn daughters after he's gone, since most of the large estates in the peerage are left in trust to be handed down, like family portraits, from one generation to the next.

In the case of the present Duke's father, if he died without a son, the title and estates would pass to a distant cousin, who was not acceptable for a curious reason.

The Duke had nothing at this cousin at all. But the Duke was a Roman Catholic and a spiritual leader of his people in England. As head of the Catholic laity, the Duke wielded a beneficial influence, one that he inherited and was expected to pass on to future generations of his family. But his cousin and heir was not a Roman Catholic and so this tradition would die with the Duke unless something was done to save it.

The Duke went to Rome and was advised that he should marry again. This, the valiant Duke did, even though he still cherished the memory of his first wife. His second wife was the Baroness Herriek. A title which she bore in her own right, and which made her one of England's most distinguished noblemen.

Then the terrible legend came into being again. The Duchess bore her husband a girl. Time was short. The Duke was growing older and there must be no more pink nurseries at Arundel Castle. The Duke consulted physicians on the Continent, and their excursion was rewarded. A son, the present Duke, was born to them in 1908. So encouraged were they that the Duchess also brought forth two other offspring, both daughters, and everyone was happy.

When the old Duke died at the age of 70, he breathed his last in peace for he had a sturdy son to carry on the family titles.

Bernard was tended as carefully as a hothouse plant and when he arrived at a suitable age spent many of his evenings looking over the crop of eligible girls who might carry the mantle of a Duchess with dignity and prestige in the nursery in a hospitable manner.

But the Duke is still young. His wife is strong and healthy. While they are delighted to have such eligible daughters they keep a prayerful eye on the blue nursery and hope that some day its cradle will be filled with a future Duke of Norfolk.

Killed Himself By Jumping Into A Pit Of Rattlesnakes?

SUDDEN death, even in the grimest form, is no stranger to the Mother Lode Country in California's High Sierra mountains. The names of the old gold camps—Hangtown, Deadman's Flat, Roaring Camp, Garrote, Hell's Half Acre—show the realistic temper of the men who settled that country in pioneer days.

But their hardy California mountain descendants were greatly shocked at the recent and horrible death—of 47-year-old John Ottman.

One ice-cold midnight recently, the sheriff's office at Auburn received a frantic call from Mrs. S. E. Evans, who, with her husband, operated a farm beside the Donner Highway, a few miles southwest of the old pioneer town of Colfax.

"You'd better come out right away," Mrs. Evans said. "There's something wrong over in the restaurant—the place we sold to that German fellow a few months ago. There was a lot of noise inside and then some noise out back. I'm afraid to go out, and you'd better come over."

The sheriff agreed that he couldn't ignore any report of a disturbance at the Evans place for the Evanses were no ordinary farmers. They operated a rattlesnake farm and raised scores of the venomous reptiles in pits. These vicious snakes they reared and sold to anyone interested, and a big sign invited motorists to stop in and look over their collection.

When Deputy Sheriff John Shannon arrived he was relieved to learn that never over the trouble was it apparently did not involve the escape of any snakes.

The disturbance seemed to have been confined to the restaurant—a little highway cafe about 200 feet up the road from the rattlesnake farm. The Evanses reported hearing a terrible din as though the place was being torn apart.

They had called to John Ottman, and when he didn't answer they had been afraid to go out and investigate. Deputy Shannon, gun leveled, went up to the restaurant—it appeared quiet enough now from the outside, in the early morning darkness—and found the door unlocked. Pushing it open, he swept his flashlight over the place.

The Evanses were right. The interior had been literally torn apart. Chans and tables were overturned, pictures ripped from the walls, dishes and glasses broken. Even the cash register was on the floor.

But Ottman didn't answer the officer's repeated shouts. It was not until Shannon climbed over the debris and stepped behind the counter that he found the restaurant man dead on the floor—stark naked.

A quick examination didn't reveal the expected marks of violence. There was no knife or bullet wound. The obvious theory, of course, was that the middle-aged German had been killed by holding his own—although the Evans couple had not seen or heard any strangers. Shannon flashed an alarm to the sheriff's office, and the wheels of the law shifted into high gear.

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At the time Coroner Francis West arrived, Shannon and Evans had examined the place but they could find nothing missing. The cash register had not been rifled, and neither had the safe. Perhaps the marauders had

been frightened away when Ottman resisted them. But why was the corpse naked? Had Ottman leaped from bed and run to meet the robbers in that condition?

Coroner West, closely examining the body, noted a peculiar puffiness from head to foot and found a number of little punctures in the skin.

Before putting into words the astounding theory to which the evidence pointed, the coroner walked around out back by the snake-pits. Sure enough, there were prints of naked feet in the moist earth. So Coroner West went back to the restaurant and announced to the assembled mountainers that Ottman had been killed.

"Ottman was bitten to death by rattlesnakes. He was thrown or fell, naked, into one of those pits back there and his body is covered with snake bites!"

A little more investigation showed that Ottman could not have fallen accidentally, even if drunk or sleep-walking, into the snake-pit. The one to which his tracks led was surrounded by a high stone wall. He would have had to climb that wall—

There were 84 hissing rattlers in the pit. The coroner found that Ottman had been bitten more than 100 times, from the sole of his foot to the top of his head. His legs looked as though they had been peppered with tiny bird-shot and he must have fallen to his knees or toppled over, for otherwise the rattlers would not have been able to reach the upper part of his body. There were several bites right between his eyes.

That baffled the investigating officers most of all was the fact that there were no footprints but Ottman's; no sign of anyone having carried or pushed him to the deadly pit. As for his clothes, they were neatly folded by his bed. Some of the shocked neighbors suggested that perhaps he had been forced to walk to the pit in front of a gun.

The sheriff's men probed Ottman's background. He was a German alien who had been a chef in Sacramento hotels for years. Only a few months before he had taken his life savings and bought the restaurant from Evans. While the investigation was in full swing, neighbors reported to the sheriff's office that the strange man had driven up in an automobile and demanded admission to the dead man's cafe. They wore city clothes, and said they were friends of Ottman's and had to get some papers from inside. The mountainers had refused to let them in, and finally the strangers went away, muttering.

The three looked like foreigners, and this started rumors that Ottman might have been a victim of foreign Fifth Columnists.

But Sheriff Charles Silva and Coroner West could find nothing to support this theory. There was no further trace of the three strangers, and nothing mysterious could be unearthed in Ottman's background.

Finally the puzzled investigators concluded that John Ottman had arisen from bed, calmly stripped himself naked, proceeded to wreck the inside of the restaurant, then had walked to the rattlesnake pit, climbed the stone wall and leaped in, survived the attacks of the reptiles, walked back to the restaurant and collapsed.



Whether the Restaurant Man Committed Suicide, Or Was Forced to Leap Into the Pit of Hissing Reptiles, Is a Mystery Which the Police May Never Be Able to Solve.

Dead 20 Minutes-- But Still Among the Living

"HE CAME back from the dead," is what awe-stricken people are saying about a certain young man in New England.

His story, as told in a recent issue of the Journal of the American Medical Association, has amazed science for this young man "died" on the hospital operating table—almost as a completely blacked-out heart came to death—and only through an amazing miracle was he finally brought back to life. For 20 minutes his heart stood still, the longest case on record.

And although this lucky man is alive today, he doesn't "live to tell the story," as the saying goes—because he was in the sleep of complete anesthesia to realize that Death had him in an icy grip.

A quick surgical team of Dr. Herbert D. Adams and Dr. Leo V. Hand, who brought their patient back from the dead, knew what a close squeak he had.

This young man had entered Boston hospital to have part of one lung removed. Such an operation, while frequently performed, requires great skill and care.



The Young Man's Heart Suddenly Quit Beating, and the Surgeons Went to Work.

For two hours the operating room was the scene of skilled surgery, moving along like clockwork. Then the surgeons and the anesthetist detected something they didn't like. A little secretion had formed in the lungpipe and they went to removing this with a special suction apparatus, carefully watching, meanwhile, the exposed heart and lung.

Suddenly the patient began to cough convulsively and his heart stopped and refused to start up again. Surgeons have several ways to get this master engine of the body going again in a few seconds, the most common of which is for the surgeon to massage the heart with his fingers. He usually waits until it starts beating again. The skilled fingers of the surgeon went to work. After three full minutes of massage the heart still was lifeless so a stimulant was injected and a minute later another injection was given—with no result.

After a third shot and 20 minutes of massage, the vital organ came suddenly to life, and the young man, just five hours after he entered the hospital, was able to answer questions.



There Are Something Like 6,000,000 Men in This Country Who Will Make Better Soldiers Than House Guards Because They Know How to Shoot for Fun.

One Reason We Are Good At Winning Wars

EVER since that historic day when a handful of Massachusetts farmers stood "by the rude bridge that arched the flood and fired the shot heard round the world" Americans have been handy with guns—which is one of the reasons why Uncle Sam has never lost a war.

It is no comfort to the Germans, the Italians and the Japs to know—and they do know it—that some 8,000,000 hunting licenses are issued to American men and women every year. When the Axis war lords pore over a map of the United States and try to figure out the likeliest spots to attempt invasion by sea or from the air, they give almost as much consideration to the nation's gun-toting sportsmen and women as they do to the military forces.

We can be sure that Herr Hitler's board of strategy, which would out Uncle Sam's war plans so minutely, is well aware that some 7,000,000 Americans know how to handle a shotgun and that another 3,000,000 are handy with the rifle.

The Nazis, in sizing up the British Isles for invasion, did not overlook the fact that "shooting," as the English put it, is pretty much a rich man's sport in Britain.

In America people of all callings and incomes shoot for food and for the fun of it and no one has to be a millionaire to go into the woods and fields after the rabbit and the partridge, or to the marshes to stalk the wild duck.

So long ago the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company completed a survey intended to bring out just how this country compares with England in the army of home defenders it might raise from the ranks of hunters. This survey shows that years of restrictive legislation has made hunting a lost art among the vast majority of Englishmen and that only a few of them own firearms. Among the home defense forces, on which England is counting heavily in case of invasion, it was discovered that six out of ten enrollees had never fired a gun in their lives. Precious time and money had to be spent to teach these civilian soldiers how to shoot.

Every branch of Uncle Sam's military service has benefited because so many Americans shoot for the sake of sport. Artillery officers, for example, have found that recruits without previous shooting experience do not take naturally to the machine gun—but 85 out of 100 men who know how to handle a shotgun or a rifle become good machine gunners surprisingly fast.

The Marine Corps, in training up its heavy gun pointers from the ranks of its expert riflemen—and most of these boys sharpened their eyes and their trigger fingers in the woods before they became Leatherstockings. The records of the Corps reveal that the man who is handy with a sporting rifle rapidly finds at home with heavier guns and "holds on the target" almost instinctively.

Ray Benson, an executive of a national defense organization of sportsmen called Ducks Unlimited and a firearms expert, says: "The man who is proficient with a shotgun is a real menace to aerial invaders, airplanes and parachutists. An expert with the rifle stalks game which usually is in the run when he pulls the trigger. But an expert with the shotgun—whether he is shooting skeet, quail pigeons, ducks or quail—fires at an aerial target."

Mr. Benson believes that there are thousands of men in this country, many of them beyond the age where they would be accepted for military service, who are so capable with the shotgun that they could do a great deal to snuff out any invasion by parachute troops. He is also convinced that other thousands of these hunters could quickly become crack shots with anti-aircraft guns.

The survey by the Northwestern National Life Insurance Company very properly points out that modern warfare is emphasizing the importance of the individual soldier. The successes of the German army are partly due to its teaching the soldier to take care of himself and, at times, to fight on his own.

Hunting for sport is not the strenuous or dangerous job that fighting at the front is, but hunting develops the same kind of initiative and the ability to "go it alone" which makes good soldiers today.

A careful check-up of the records reveals that something like 10,000,000 rifles have been sold in the United States to private owners in the past 10 years. Not all of these guns are in use today, but if only 25 per cent of them are used more or less regularly there are between 2,500,000 and 3,000,000 rifles that can be used for national defense.

The outstanding American hero of the first World War was Sergeant Alvin York. Millions of people who have forgotten about this country boy from the mountains of Tennessee recently saw his incredible exploits in France brought dramatically to life in the movies.

Sergeant York was a virtuoso shot and a long rifle in his hands and had a reputation for being one of the best shots in his neighborhood. His familiarity with a gun was one of the reasons why he was able to kill 25 Germans, capture 132 more of the enemy and put 30 machine guns out of action almost single-handed.

The present war will bring out its counterparts of the courageous and capable Tennessee hero and the chances are that these modern heroes will be men who did a lot of shooting for fun before they went after bigger game in the Army, the Navy or the Marine Corps.

Nobody Believes He's Just a Struggling Painter, Because He's Related to the Goulds and Attends the Opera —But, He Tells the Court, the Real Truth Is He Can Afford Only \$3 a Week to Support His Wife and Child

Artistic Mr. Shrady's Unusual Problem of Living in 2 Worlds



Struggling Mr. Shrady, Who Stands With One Foot in Bohemia and the Other in Mayfair.

The Man, Whose Sweetie Mr. Shrady Had Walked Off With, Came Around to Their Paris Studio, Mrs. Shrady Charges, and Dumped the Lady's Luggage, Saying: "You Might as Well Have Her Clothing, Too."

ARTISTS, as everyone knows, live in a world of their own.

To average, solid citizens, it seems a strange one, not unlike the place where Alice (of "Alice in Wonderland") found herself, after stepping through the looking-glass. For in it everyday things are apt to appear in reverse.

Money, for example, instead of being held in proper respect, is openly sneered at, and even done without; a well-balanced palette is more highly esteemed than a well-balanced diet; and all too-often the home, that bulwark of modern civilization, is looked on merely as a place to hang a canvas.

As the son of a famous sculptor, as well as a painter of some distinction in his own right, Frederick Shrady belongs to this topsy-turvy world. But, unlike most of his artistic brethren, Mr. Shrady is also firmly established in an altogether different sphere, that of the Social Register.

And the result, according to the charges and counter-charges filed in his wife's recent suit for separation, is a sort of surrealist double exposure.

On the artistic side, he is typical of many young and struggling painters. His combination home and studio is on the top floor of a New York loft building, "which," he says, "ordinarily would be used for manufacturing purposes."

There used to be a fur factory under him, but that moved out, and now the only other tenant is a carpenter. Mr. Shrady has to walk up three flights of stairs to get to his quarters. And, once there, he says he cooks his own meals, bathes in cold water (the management does not supply hot), and, since the building is unheated, uses a kerosene stove to keep warm.

Thousands of artists live in similar surroundings, and for the same reason, which he explains as follows:

"During the year 1940 I gave art lessons and earned \$85 for the year. But from that must be deducted \$440 which I spent for models, materials, etc., which left me a questionable profit of \$45. My weekly average from my picture sales is \$15. Of that, \$9 per week must go for rent, gas and electricity and this leaves me with a balance of \$6 a week for food."

And he rounds out his shabby half of the picture with another touch, equally familiar in artistic circles: that of the irate landlord, the dispossessed notice and the judgment for back rent, dangling like a sword of Damocles over the eccentric's head.

Mr. Shrady says he has twice suffered the humiliation of being tossed out onto the streets and that right now there are several people waiting to collect \$300 from him as soon as he gets it.

However, while there are few painters to whose eyes these details would not bring a reminiscent gleam, there are fewer still who would understand the ones pertaining to Mr. Shrady's Social Register side.

The latter, naturally enough, are the details Mrs. Shrady stresses in her plea for \$1000 counsel fees and \$150 a week alimony for the support of herself and her son.

It appears that after a cold bath and a meagre meal of scrambled eggs, cooked over the kerosene stove, Mr. Shrady will change into white tie and tails, climb down from his garret and attend the opera.

Or, perhaps, he will join a gay party of cafe socialites for a round of night clubs, or

while away a relaxing week-end with Long Island's or Westchester's horse set.

It is understandable that Mrs. Shrady, who has had to become her own breadwinner by working in a department store, might be a little annoyed to pick up a paper and, turning to the society columns, behold a picture of her impoverished husband, obviously enjoying himself in lavish surroundings.

Mr. Shrady's answer, in effect, is: Can I help it if the best people keep inviting me places?

"To do attend the opera on occasions," he confesses, "when social acquaintances who are boxholders invite me there and this does occur several times during the season, but assuredly I am in no position to afford either the maintenance of a box or the purchase of an individual ticket."

And he goes on: "the fact that these invitations are extended to me, while being a tribute to my social standing, nevertheless bears no relation to my financial standing. I am invited out three or four times a week to the homes of friends and on many of these occasions I escort friends to these affairs. That my wife has seen my picture in social columns with my friends certainly does not indicate anything of my money producing ability."

Mr. Shrady is undeniably popular, but it is not popularity alone that enables him to keep his right foot in Mayfair, while his left is somewhere in Bohemia. In a way, he inherited the ability from his father, who was not only a famous sculptor but also a socially irreproachable lawyer.

Moreover, his paternal aunt is the widow of Edwin Gould, fabulously wealthy son of Jay Gould. That, of course, means connections, and connections are what hold Mayfair together.

It was when the pillars of the solid world of dollars and cents were shaking from the great stockmarket crash of 1929 that Mr. Shrady decided to give up all—or almost all—for Art, with a capital A. Before that he had been compromising on the commercial variety, with weekly paycheck of \$75.

Inevitably his decision led him to Paris, because no artist can really hope to amount to anything until he had sipped Perennia at a Paris bistro.

The problem of how the Shradys (he had already been married a couple of years) were to live while Frederick absorbed the necessary atmosphere was nicely solved by one of those ever-present connections of his, this one "Uncle Dave," or, to give him his full title, the Hon. O. H. Morris, then U. S. Ambassador to Belgium and a long-time friend of the Shrady family.

For Art's and Frederick's sakes, Uncle Dave coughed up \$100 a month. And on this, and a small trust fund set up by equally indulgent Uncle Edwin Gould, the couple subsisted happily for six years, even managing to afford the luxury of a child. It was a boy, christened Henry in honor of Frederick's deceased father.

In 1937, the year after Henry's birth, Mrs. Shrady says that the Paris idyll began to hit the bumps in a way that again illustrates her husband's singular aptitude for living in two worlds.

"He told me he would have to go to Italy," say the papers in her present separation suit.

"He showed no interest in having me accompany him but said that he must go because he must have a change of scene. He went alone to Italy. One day while I was visiting a friend I got a telegram from a man wholly unknown to me advising me that my husband had taken this man's mistress to Italy."

"This woman was a German model named Schulenberg, with whom my husband had become infatuated and with whom he continued to associate during most of the remainder of our stay in Europe."

"When my husband got back from Italy I confronted him with the telegram and demanded an explanation. He admitted that he had taken this girl with him but assured me that the affair was over and that he would be a faithful and devoted husband if I would forgive him and take him back."

"I took him at his word and took him back, hoping for the best. I made it clear to him, however, that my forgiveness was on the express understanding that such transgression would never occur again."

"In June of that year he again became restless and announced that he needed another change of scene. He insisted upon going to Yugoslavia this time and said he was planning an exhibition (of his work, of course, Ed.) in Belgrade."

"Relying on his assurances I consented to the trip. I saw him off at the station where he bade me a tearful farewell, saying that he was very sad to leave me. Later, I learned that at the very next station he was joined by the Schulenberg woman for a trip through Dalmatia. He was gone for three months."

"The reader would do well at this point not to forget about that man who had sent the telegram, because he pops up again on Frederick's return. Who he was, Mrs. Shrady does not state, but the scene she credits him with having suggested that he might have been an actor, thoroughly familiar with the typical Parisian bedroom farce."

In any case, he, the mysterious unknown, "arrived at our apartment with a large quantity of luggage." Mrs. Shrady charges, "saying it was the Schulenberg luggage and that since my husband had stolen her from him he might as well have her clothing, too."

She does not report what her husband's reaction to this courteous gesture was, but her own was one of extreme shock, because, she declares, this was her first intimation that the trip to Yugoslavia had not been purely for purpose of artistic exhibition. Still, after recovering slowly, she says she



Mary Lee Shrady, Who Works in a Department Store While Mr. Shrady Dwells in Two Worlds.

(c) Photo News Syndicate Co., Inc.

once more accepted Frederick's assurances that the affair was over, and all remained moderately peaceful in the Shrady household until his feet began to itch again. It might have been a relapse of the previous episode, except that this time the settings were English. And this time, too, she says she did not accept his assurances. She just packed up and came home to the United States.

Frederick followed shortly afterwards and they have been living here, separately, ever since.

Through his lawyer, T. Stanley Block, of 50 Broad St., New York, he has entered a defense against his wife's suit, showing how broke he is and stating that Miss Schulenberg was not a "model" but "an accomplished painter." He adds: "I admit that a strong bond of friendship arose between Miss Schulenberg and myself, which might well account for the 'luggage dumping' so graphically described by my wife."

To his wife's allegation that he calmly asked for a divorce so he could marry Miss Theodora Roosevelt, granddaughter of "Teddy," he replied: "The fact is that she was merely a social acquaintance for whom I made a portrait. I deny emphatically that I desired to divorce her so I might marry Miss Roosevelt."

And he winds up by saying that all he can possibly offer his wife and child at this

point is \$3 a week. But the New York Supreme Court Referee to whom he made this proposal was as skeptical of his ability to live in two worlds on \$6 a week as Mrs. Shrady, for he has just recommended that the court order him to pay \$20 weekly alimony, pending trial of the suit.

Henry Schulenberg With Whom, Mrs. Shrady Says, Her Husband Exercised His Talent for the Double Life.

Florida a Permanent Blackout If the Canal Goes Through?

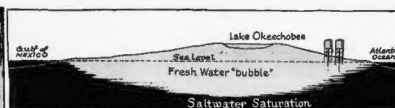


Like Shadows of Gigantic Water-Sucking Vampire Bats Hovering Over Florida Seem to Many the Dangers of the Canal Dredges, Putting an End Among Others to Scenes So Typical as These Sun-Bathers on the Shores of the Hundreds of Lakes and Streams and Beaches.

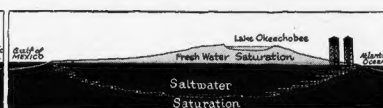
Until It Is Done Nobody Can Really Tell Whether the Proposed Cut Across the State's Throat Would Turn It Into a Desert—But If It Did, Then Nothing Could Ever Restore Fertility Any More Than the Eggs in a Spoiled Omelette Can Be Turned Back to New, Fresh, Unbroken Ones



A Luxurious Southern Florida Home Amid Clustering Palms, One of the Typical Scenes Which Attract Both Home Lovers and Tourists Who Form One of the State's Important Sources of Revenue and, of Course, Government Taxes.



How the Pressure of the Subterranean Fresh Water Flow Holds Down the Salt Water Saturation Underlying the Florida Peninsula. As This Pressure Is Lessened by Wells and Other Causes, the Salt Water Level Rises.



It Has Been Estimated That the Proposed Canal Would Be Equal to 135,000,000 Drilled Wells, So Reducing the Subterranean Fresh Water Flow as to Cause the Salt Water Saturation to Rise to Sea Level.

L. H. Houck has been writing informative articles for the technical press covering the fields of drilling, mining, construction, excavation and general power industry for the past twenty years.

He has covered the digging of the Florida Canal for various technical magazines from the first dip of a drag-line bucket.

He is a familiar author to well drillers and geologists who follow the fresh water problem. He recently investigated water conditions and problems of water supply in more than twenty Southern Army camps and Naval bases, including the dwindling artesian water supply of South Carolina.

By L. H. HOUCK,
Well-Known Writer on Technical Subjects.

EVEN more devastating to Florida than raiding airplanes, raining bombs, would be the wholesale laying waste of her entire countryside by the sapping of her life-blood—the fresh water supply.

Her 20,000 wells now in existence, expert engineers claim, already have lowered the water table ten feet and a law soon may be expected to control the drilling of any more.

In view of these facts, what would happen to South and Central Florida if the proposed canal cutting the peninsula in two ever is dug?

That canal, turned down three times by Congress, always has cropped up again to be a thorn in the side of Florida citrus growers and truck farmers. Now those Floridians who sincerely oppose the waterway have decided that it must be beaten once for all.

To obtain a true perspective of the dangers to Florida, free from political intrigue, it is necessary to turn to disinterested experts who have spent their lives dealing with such problems.

Statements of eminent geologists, who do not care personally whether the canal is dug or not are much more likely to be true and authoritative than those of politicians and the uninformed. One of the most important of these comes from Dr. Henry S. Sharpe, a well-known geologist of the Columbia University, who said:

"All geologists unite in predicting that the

canal will cause some damage to the water supply, while a considerable number believe it will be a textbook example of the large-scale destruction of underground flow."

The controversial ditch, authorities point out, would be equivalent to 135,000,000 wells drawing twenty-one and one-half billion gallons a day from the fresh-water "bubble"—or artesian head—that by its pressure now keeps the salt water base from rising.

And according to the composite opinions of half a dozen nationally known geologists, the digging of the Florida cross-State canal might easily be the means of sapping the fresh water supply of Florida and result in making a desert out of the great citrus-producing State.

Some say it wouldn't happen—but others quite as knowledgeable say it would. The tragedy is that if it happened—well, it would be a permanent blackout for most of the State of Florida.

And that disastrous result would be the same whether the canal were foisted on Florida citrus growers and truck farmers camouflaged as a part of some billion-dollar pork-barrel project—like the Rivers and Harbors Bill—or put through at any other time in the future.

At the present time a canal might be disastrous also from the standpoint of defense of the nation, for as the Miami Herald, one of the State's most influential newspapers, said recently in an editorial:

"South Florida sources of potable fresh water for Key West, major defense naval base, would be ruined. All South Florida, strategically important in defense because of its location with reference to the land-lease bases, the Caribbean, Central and South American, would become a useless dust bowl."

Miami is especially anxious because the city depends for its water supply on artesian wells.

If the canal is dug and most of the State becomes a desert, there will be another situation without precedent, because no hurricane or war evacuation can compare with the exodus of citizens who will carry out their belongings on their backs to seek new homes.

The Federal Government, although such aid is promised, cannot be expected to raise within present generations the billions of dol-

lars that would be needed to make good the tremendous personal losses.

In order to remove the fears of Florida south of the canal regarding the fresh water supply, members of the Tampa Chamber of Commerce were told in November, of last year, that the canal specifications would be changed to a barge canal.

But the canal specifications went to the harbors committee unchanged.

It is true that the language of the bill provides that "the said canal, during the course of construction, shall be first completed to such dimensions as the chief of engineers shall determine to be appropriate for the transit of barge traffic."

But the accompanying report of the House committee makes it specifically clear that "the bill does not authorize a large canal across Florida except for temporary use during the course of constructing the ship canal."

Of course, there can be no question about the fact that the pending measure fully authorizes the complete original Florida Canal as described in House Document 194—75th Congress, First Session—the precise project which Congress has heretofore thrice rejected.

Even without the canal, conserving the fresh water of the State has become a problem of utmost importance. Restrictions on the boring of artesian wells soon are expected.

Yet citrus growers must have wells to irrigate their groves as a matter of self preservation. Recent investigations prove that Florida's estimated annual rainfall of 80 inches is not adequate and that much of that rainfall comes at the wrong time of the year, making irrigation necessary if the grower is to prosper.

All geologists are agreed that a great body of salt water underlies all of Florida and that this salt water is held down by the head or pressure of the fresh water above. For each foot of reduction in fresh water level, the salt water will rise from 38 to 40 feet, as is according to the action of the universally accepted hydrostatic law.

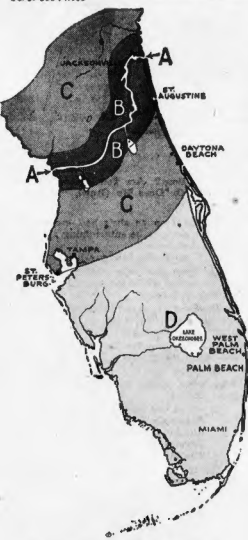
The cross-State canal would lower the fresh water level 40 feet, allowing the salt water to rise 1,600 feet nearer the surface. This would salt most of the wells near the canal

(Continued on Next Page)



Gandress Photo

A Typical and Beautiful Florida Scene Along One of the Canals at Ft. Lauderdale. The Water in Many of These Canals Comes From Springs-Fed Sources Which Those Who Combat the Proposed Ship Canal Believe Will Either Dry Up or Be So Diminished as to Be Ineffective.



A Map of Florida Adapted From a Pamphlet of the United States Geological Survey Showing (A) the Proposed Route of the Canal; (B) the Now Fertile Area Conceded by Government Geologists as Probably to Be So Affected by the Canal as to Be Useless for Agriculture or Horticulture; (C) is the Northern and Southern Areas Which Opponents of the Canal Argue Would Be as Badly Off as Area (B); Also (D) is the Vast Fertile, Largely Farming and Fruit Land, Where Essential Irrigation Would Be Affected by Salt Water Contamination of the Wells. Opponents Believe, If So, Then the Water Supplies of the Big Cities in South Florida Would Be Similarly Wrecked.

(Continued From Preceding Page)

and, it is believed, throughout South Florida. Even the deep well supplying water for Ocala, hot-bed of canal proponents, would go salt, according to Dr. Foote Maynard, industrial chemist of Atlanta, Georgia. Dr. Maynard concludes that digging the canal brings not only danger of converting

the State into a sandy desert waste but its roads, bridges and farms may cave in, because Florida has a remarkable sink-hole topography and lowering the water table will remove the support from roofs of many underground caverns on both sides of the canal.

Another expert, Dr. V. T. Stringfield, associate geologist of the U. S. Geological Survey, also points out that the water level in wells along the proposed route of the canal now stands at 40 or 50 feet above sea level. "With the cutting of the canal," says Dr. Stringfield, "the ground water level immediately adjacent to it would inevitably drain down to approximately sea level. The width of the zone in which the lowering of the ground-water level would take place cannot be predicted with any certainty, but it may well be miles on either side of the canal."

"Silver Springs," he continues, "which is only three miles from the route of the canal and issues from the limestone at about 40 feet above sea level, is without doubt well within the area in which the ground water level would be materially lowered."

And these possible tragedies are not denied by the canal enthusiasts. Dr. P. H. H. Calhoun, dean of the School of Chemistry and Geology of Clemson College, South Carolina, and an expert consulting geologist for the past 25 years, calls special attention to the fact that the backers of the canal admit that there will be large claims for damage after the canal is built.

The Board of Engineers for Rivers and Harbors recommended in their report, according to Dr. Calhoun, that it might be well for the Federal Government to take over all the indemnity that would be asked because of the canal since the State might not be able to stand it.

"But if this project proves a mistake," Dr. Calhoun said during the Senate investigation of the canal, "it will be the kind that neither time nor money can remedy. There is but one beautiful Florida. There are a thousand places where a canal can be dug and no harm can come and just as much benefit accrue."

"We should not consider our own generation only, but all of those that come after us. History is full of illustrations of just such fatal mistakes as this."

Homer L. Hughes, a grower of Bradenton, Florida, is himself an expert engineer, when called as a witness in one of the hearings charged that the Revisory Board which studied the canal situation and brought out a favorable report, made their study during 1936 which was one of the wettest years in Florida history. The rainfall averages the Board obtained are therefore worthless, he testified.

"When the 'Siamese Twins,' our underground reservoirs in North Florida and Georgia and in South Florida, are hacked apart and left to bleed to death," Mr. Hughes said, "the Southern Reservoir which is the smaller of the twins, cannot furnish water for the 28,000 square miles south of the canal."

As for the necessity even of a barge canal, Major-General E. M. Markham, former Chief of U. S. Engineers who retired in 1937, already had told a House investigating committee in 1934 that: "there has never been the volume of traffic by way of barge, bateau or rowboat to justify the cost against the United States of cutting this one hundred odd miles until they got into the stupendous traffic out of the Gulf of Mexico."

He was referring to the oil tankers carrying oil from Texas and Louisiana, much of which is at this late date going by pipeline. Representative Tex. Green who comes up for reelection this Spring, tried to calm worried Floridians by promising:

"Since there is so much controversy as to the damage that may be done to the sub-surface waters of South Florida, I shall advocate that the United States Geological Survey and other impartial and competent experts be consulted before any action is taken or money appropriated for a sea-level canal." But, as has been said, when the specifications went to the Rivers and Harbors Committee in November, they had not been changed. So the Chamber of Commerce in Tampa wired Representative Green as follows:

"We feel the language of the bill authorized a sea-level canal and merely instructs engineers to build a barge canal during the course of construction of a sea-level canal. We urge insertion of provision as follows: That in no event shall this bill be construed to authorize a sea-level canal until and unless the U. S. Geological Survey has made a full investigation of the effect of the sub-surface water of South Florida and the said report indicates that there will be no adverse effect."

Representative Green replied as follows: "The language in the Rivers and Harbors bill authorizes the Florida canal project in accordance with House document 194, which is the only report of army engineers on this subject. The army engineers in the report discussed a barge canal and ship canal. The language added to the bill as mentioned by me to you and by you to me in your telegram today requires the army engineers to proceed with construction to barge canal depth. This matter was discussed in the Rivers and Harbors Committee this morning and the chairman of the committee pointed out the benefits which would accrue from a lock-barge canal."

"No change can be made in the language of the bill which would improve this project from either angle." (In brief, that even if the canal project goes through as a simple barge enterprise, there will be nothing to prevent the after cutting of the big ditch which has been three times defeated in Congress.)

"Queens" at a Citrus Fruit Festival; a Majority of the Orange and Grapefruit Groves, as Well as the Big Truck Farms, Depend Upon Irrigation From Deep Wells Which Would Be in Danger of Turning Salt and So Rendered Useless for Watering. The Rainfall Itself is Not Adequate.

ent language remain in the bill and that the bill pass Congress in the regular course of legislative business in order that the project may be authorized along with meritorious projects in Florida and all parts of the country as a backlog for construction and employment after the war has ended.

"In my conference with you, you were advised that I felt that a barge canal authorization should be had at this time and without delay. This is the language of the bill and I stand on it."

So Florida opponents to the canal are more insistent than ever that all cards be put on the table, and the true value—or lack of value—of the canal, be it barge or ship, should be clearly defined for everyone. Few people realize the amount of drainage damage done in Florida merely by drilling wells into the very porous Ocala limestone.

Dr. Stringfield again offers pertinent information, on this point. In his "Ground Water Investigations in Florida," he says: "In Orlando and vicinity much of the rain-water and sewage are drained into the Ocala limestone through wells that range in depth from 160 to more than 800 feet. The wells generally enter cavities with large intake capacity. One well, 16 inches in diameter and 383 feet deep, is reported to have an intake capacity of 9,500 gallons a minute."

The logs of many drainage wells drilled for the city of Orlando at sites ranging from 60 to 100 feet above sea level show cavities at considerable depths, some of them as much as 600 to 700 feet below sea level. Thus in well No. 12 cavities occur at depths of 162, 460 and 483 feet. Cavities ranging in size from one foot to as much as 14 feet are reported in 17 other wells at depths ranging from 175 to 495 feet."

These figures show the dangerous permeability of the Ocala limestone and the danger of cutting through the underground water passages, which are the tubes through which the water goes to south and central Florida. Wells drilled to test the Ocala limestone at the canal site will not hold water because the water runs away through the fissures and cavities. Engineers expected to use cement to close the holes in the canal bottom and sides, but one witness told them there was not enough cement in the world to close up all the holes if the canal was completed. Army engineers, too, feared the result of opening up underground channels in the Ocala limestone.

Engineers for the Rivers and Harbors Committee made an adverse report on the canal and were unwilling to have the responsibility for the ditch added on them. Their recommendation reads:

"In view of the undeterminable possibility that the canal might open underground channels in the Ocala limestone of such size and extent as would drain a wide area, with consequent extensive damage to the ground-water supplies, any authorization for the construction of the canal should empower the Secretary of War, on the recommendation of the Chief of Engineers, to modify the plans to provide for the construction of a lock canal if at any time during the progress of the work such a modification should be found warranted in the interest of protecting the ground-water supply."

Competent authorities show there has been a steady loss of head or pressure during the past 25 years for artesian wells and this fact alone should indicate to some extent the irretrievable damage in prospect if the canal is finished.

Hundreds of grove owners, vegetable growers and farmers have flooded the many hearings on the canal with letters stating their stand against the canal. Part of a letter from H. James Guy, secretary of the Seminole County Agricultural Association, Inc., who furnished a complete geological survey for the congressional committee to study, represents the sentiment of most of the growers. He said:

"Considerable emphasis has been placed upon vegetation subsiding entirely from rainfall and the contention that this vegetation will not be affected except for a narrow distance on each side of the canal cut, has been used repeatedly as evidence that the canal cut will not affect the water supply."

"It must be borne in mind that the water zone from which these plants obtain their sustenance is largely separate from the underground reservoir that supplies water to wells used for irrigation and municipal supplies of the State. These discussions of rainfall and vegetation dependent upon rainfall serve merely to cloud the issue."

Will the canal make a desert out of Florida? Who can say "No"? And if it does, there will be no way to change the desert back again. Shadow over Florida! And a very deep dark shadow of vital concern to the whole country.

How Popular Are You?

By JUDITH CHASE,
Well-Known Quiz Expert

POPULARITY is something which makes people break their necks to get their faces into print.

If you haven't got it, the girls will give you the good-by and the men the go-by. But if you have it you can win friends quicker than a politician with five-dollar bills and a truck full of 100 proof rum.

Your friends won't tell you whether or not you're popular. But if they go through such antics as drawing furtive cartoons of you at the office, making you the "Party Goat" or cutting you short on the telephone, it's a cinch there's plenty of room for improvement.

Try this quiz and see.
Do it this way. Answer each question truthfully: 0-Never; 1-Well hardly ever; 2-Occasionally; 3-Often; 4-Always.

Then add up your total score and turn to page 20. Maybe you'll get an eye-opener!

AT THE OFFICE

1-When you enter the office is there a sudden stony silence as if you'd just instigated "Be-Kind-to-Japan" week?

2-While you're talking to people do they:
Drum impatiently on the desk?
Pick up the phone and make a call?
Glance at their mail?
Gaze into space?

3-Are you kept closeted in the office as if you had the measles while others are sent out to impress clients?

4-After you give your name on the telephone, does the boss' secretary come back with:

"He's just gone out?"
"He's busy right now?"
"Why don't you write him a letter?"
"What do you want, anyway?"

5-Do you find furtive cartoons of yourself decorating the telephone booth, indecorously captioned: "Getunko Qua," "Fuzzy Freddy" or "Sourpus Sam?"

6-When you go into the boss' office, does he:

Keep on reading without looking up?
Growl, "Well, . . ."
 Mutter "Can't you see I'm busy?"
Exit by the other door?

7-Does the phone operator put all calls of complainers, hecklers and grouches on your wire, confident you could endure them?

8-When you give an order, do your subordinates:
Grudgingly drag themselves up to do it?
Let it go in one ear and out the other?
Imply they'll do it when they get around to it?

9-Do people always phone you so they can avoid coming to see you?
(Look in the mirror.)

10-Are you the last one in the office to:
Hear the latest gossip?
Get a raise?
Get staff memos?

11-Does the boss habitually forget your name as though it didn't make any difference anyway, and refer to you as:
Whoa?
Whatsaname?
What-do-you-call-him?

DANCING

1-At the end of a dance, does she:
Collapse into the nearest chair to rest her feet?

Quickly announce that she has to go home?

Tell you she knows a wonderful place where you can take dancing lessons?

2-If she pulls these antics over your



It's Nice to Be Kind to Animals, But Does the Little Lady Figure You Out as a Meek Soul Easily Conscripted to Walk the Pup?

shoulder, you'll know you're no terpsichorist.

Does she:
Give the "help-I'm-dying" look?
Sing to ease the pain of your maneuvering?
Make a "look-what-I'm-stuck-with" face?

3-Does she rave about the light-footed dancer she was with the last time she heard this tune?

4-When a stag approaches within the two-mile limit, does she stop dead in her tracks hoping he'll cut in?

5-When someone cuts in on you, does she rush to change partners and leave you teetering in mid-air?

6-When you ask a girl to dance, does she:
Look around quickly for someone else you might be asking?
Pretend she's slightly deaf?

ON THE TELEPHONE

1-Are the invitations you receive mainly to:

Fill in at the last minute?
Entertain decrepit and daddering relations?
Show the towns to visiting fireman?
Come help eat leftovers?
Escort cross-eyed wallflowers on a blind date?

2-Does your big moment telephone you only when:

There's a good show in town and she wants to see it?
She's bored and wants attention in the form of a big bunch of flowers or a \$10 bottle of perfume?



Did You Ever Have the Girl You're Dancing With Stop Dead in Her Tracks When a Stag Hove in Sight—Hoping He Would Cut In?



Check Up on Yourself If Your Lady Companion Sends You Off to Get Her a Cocktail and Then Does a Vanishing Act.

She wants you to get her into a party she couldn't crash?

3-Do people call you up and ask if you want to go to the theater, then hand you second-rate tickets to a charity benefit they'd snore at?

4-When you talk to people on the telephone do you hear them:

Whisper to someone else?
Crackle a newspaper?
Sigh and groan?
Gently deposit the receiver on the desk?

5-Do girls pull the "ahove him along" game on you, saying "Buzie wants to talk to you"—to let Buzie do the hanging up?

6-Does your girl greet you with "Hello darling" only when she thinks it's somebody else?

AT PARTIES

1-Does your hostess see to it that you're never left alone with the guest of honor as though she expected you to make a faux-pas or borrow five?

2-Does a lone female splice herself to you until you've introduced all your friends, then drop you like a hot quarter?

3-Does your hostess seat you between the two most lively guests because THEY'RE sure to keep things going?

4-Do people whisper furtively to each other in front of you as if you had everything your best friends won't tell you?

5-Does your current companion send you to get her a cigarette or a cocktail, then light out while you're gone?

6-When you take a girl to a party does she:

Leave the disappearing act the minute you get inside the door?
Puff you flat and go home with someone else?
Make a bee-line for the most attractive man?

7-Do people forget your name as soon as you've been introduced—and give you the fish-eye when they see you again?

8-When people meet you do they:
Ask pointedly how do YOU happen to know the hostess?
Stare at your tie, your socks or your feet?
Ship you off to get them something to eat?
Keep right on talking to one another?

9-Do people invite their friends to parties in front of you, but neglect to include you, too?

10-When everyone else has left the party but you, does your hostess run around picking up and turning out the lights as if you weren't there?

11-After a girl has left you because she had to go home, do you see her an hour later giving the glad-eye to someone else?

12-When someone starts telling a story and notices she has only your attention does she look bored and call the whole thing off?

13-When you leave, does your hostess railroad you into your hat and coat—and out the front door, like a traveling salesman?

14-Are you the inevitable party goat:
Getting out-fumbled for the restaurant check?
Having to park the car and walk a mile?
Who has to drive the ugly ducklings home?

15-At dinner do the people on either side of you talk across you or lean back and whisper behind your back?

16-Are people cordial to you only when they want to:
Sell you something?
Be put up for your club?
Meet someone you know?
Enlist you to work free for their pet charity?

17-After you've finished telling a story do you find you're the only one laughing?

18-Does she wait until you've rung the doorbell before she starts getting dressed, yet rush home fast when she thinks it's late?

19-Does she fail to notice your new clothes unless they remind her of some wonderful man she used to date?

20-Does her face fall a mile when you arrive minus flowers, candy and gifts?

21-In the middle of the evening does she come out with:
"I forgot to tell you—I've got to go home early?"
"I've got another date after this?"
"I've asked some friends to join us?"

22-Does she treat you like one of the family, letting you see her in hair curlers, old shoes and last year's hat?

23-Does she suddenly wax cool after:

12-As soon as she's had enough dinner does she cease to be entertaining and demand to be taken home?
(This is the fall guy brush-off.)

13-Does she only half listen to what you're saying while she mentally plans next spring's wardrobe?

14-Does she spend nine-tenths of the dinner time deciding what to order, and the other tenth talking to you?

15-Do you notice her kid sister blossoming out in the \$10 corolla you sent her?

16-Does she tell you old wheezes and stale jokes, taking it for granted you're ten years behind?

17-Does she limit her conversation to:
Shows she'd like to see?
The fur coat she wants?
Jewelry she'd like?
The income she needs?

18-If she plays table games like these your courtship number is up. Does she:
Start burning matches?
Make straw caterpillars?
Try to blow smoke rings?
Read love letters in her purse?

19-Does she automatically conscript you to air the dog?



How Do You Stand With Your Boss? Are You Welcome When You Go Into His Presence, Or Does He Growl, "Well?"

ON A DATE

UNPOPULARITY never got a man in trouble with the ladies, but it can certainly give him a headache. Look, for instance:

1-At the slightest excuse does she pump you about another man she thinks is "too divine" and you think is a first-class droop?

2-Does she balk about going to joints but jump at the mention of a highbrow place with all the trimmings (where you'll be the one to get trimmed)?

3-Does she wait until you've rung the doorbell before she starts getting dressed, yet rush home fast when she thinks it's late?

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19-Does she automatically conscript you to air the dog?

You've taken her to all the best night-clubs in town?

She's learned you're broke?

She's met all your friends?

8-When she spots someone she knows at another table does she let you cool your heels and sit alone for the rest of the evening?

10-Does she answer your suggestions with:
"... Might as well?"
"I don't mind if I do?"
"Oh, all right?"

11-When you compliment her dress, does she show just how important your date with her is by saying:
"Oh, this old rag—I've had it for years!"
"I just wear this knocking around?"

12-As soon as she's had enough dinner does she cease to be entertaining and demand to be taken home?
(This is the fall guy brush-off.)

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23-Does she suddenly wax cool after:

Who Strangled the Civil War Worker in the London Blackout?

LONDON, Feb. 20, 1942. THIS city's blacked-out nights provide the almost perfect setting for the "perfect crime," and last October only one man doubted that a "perfect" murder had been committed.

On a Monday morning, demolition workers arrived at a bombed residence in the Hampstead section of London. About all that was left of what once had been a three-story residence, appeared in the skeleton of three rickety flights of stairs, leading to the remains of a landing, hardly a yard square.

It did not seem safe to climb the tottering structure so they planned to saw the timbers at the base and let it fall. But what was their astonishment now to behold, dangling from that small platform, a pair of naked legs. They did not believe their eyes. These must be wax legs or of papier-mache, hung there by some morbid joker on Sunday night.

With the aid of ladders the gang managed to get one man up high enough to look.

What he saw almost sent him tumbling back down again.

For the legs were real, and attached to the beaten and abused body of a lovely, 20-year-old brunette, later identified as that of Miss Maple Church, who had lived with her widowed mother in North London. The body was naked except that the girl's cherrise had been tied in a knot around her throat.

They called the police who brought special investigators from Scotland Yard.

Plenty of facts were turned up about the victim, and her movements were traced to within 31 minutes of the time of her death. It was evidently the work of a sex-maniac, but a clever one with considerable knowledge of scientific crime detection—and how to thwart it. Out of all the voluminous report on the murder there was not one item that might help identify the killer.

At least such was the opinion of everyone except Superintendent Fred Cherrill of Scotland Yard who, since 1934, had been patiently experimenting on a process which, if successful, would transcend anything ever done in fingerprinting before.

But would it work? The murderer naturally kept silent for fear of the hangman. Cherrill kept equally silent for fear of ridicule, in case his method should fail on its first test.

The killer may well have congratulated himself as a great criminal genius, for, like Hitler, everything had turned out just as he had planned. Not only was it a chaste crime but, he had dumfounded police and public by such a fantastic achievement that they have given up trying to explain it.

Only with the greatest difficulty was the body lowered from its precarious perch. Then, a detective trying to re-enact the crime, carried a dummy of about the same weight as the body only one flight of steps upward when the whole structure collapsed, just as the demolition workers warned him it would. Nevertheless, on top of the rubble in the cellar lay the victim's garments, her skirt, khaki cap, blouse and canteen coat, torn and buttons gone, her shoes scuffed and one stocking full of runs and tears. They lay in a semi-circle where they might have fallen, had the murderer tossed them from the little platform. The other stocking dangled from a splinter half way down.

The girl's body showed evidence that she had put up a valiant struggle. It was covered with bruises and lacerations, some of which had bled, and there were signs of a stunning blow on the jaw. Under her fingernails were shreds of cloth and of human skin. Doubtless these were from the murderer, but the dead fingers pointed at nobody in particular.

All this looked at first place as if the entire last scene, including the attack, the strangling and the stripping of the body had taken place on top of the small and trembling eyrie. The police knew that this was impossible, that the killer committed the crime somewhere else and then his morbid vanity made him distribute the garments that way and somehow place the body on the platform. However, nobody doubts that this last feat verges on the miraculous. He is very smart and, no doubt, will boast about it, in his confession.

What discomfited the police most was the fact that not a sign of a fingerprint appeared on any part of the structure. Yet no man could have carried a heavy burden up without constantly grasping it with one hand.

From the beginning of fingerprint detection, these unintentional signatures were of value only when left on hard and fairly smooth surfaces such as glass, metal or furniture. On most other rough or pitted areas, they were undetectable until the celebrated



Maple Church Vanished, Laughing, Somewhere Along the Darkened Strand, and Then They Found Her Body Miles Away, on a Bomb-Wrecked Stairway Nobody Could Have Climbed—With the Killer's Fingerprints on Her Throat

Where Did Death Strike Maple? It Seemed to Come Stealthily Out of Her Nightgown. Somewhere in That Bomb-Shattered Area, Soon After the Canteen Worker Had Walked Off Alone, Apparently Happy, She Made Her Friend Good Night.

In her anxiety to read the letter, disobeyed the frequent warning never to accept a lift from a strange motorist during a blackout. The police do not deny this possibility but, if so, the girl would hardly have permitted a stranger to take her so far away from

the right direction as Hampstead. It would seem that he must have committed the crime, almost at the start of the ride and at some place near Charing Cross later bringing the body to the spot where it was found. Yet this conflicts with the medical report and that of the woman who heard the scream.

Had Maple accepted the offer the instant she left Vera and made no resistance while the motorist drove at top speed, with no traffic delays, it would have taken him at least 21 minutes to reach the bombed house. This suggests that the victim knew the man and these fingerprints have been a blessing, exonerating from suspicion every male friend she is known to have had.

Yet only a Siamese twin can know every acquaintance of any other person and the police seem to lean to the acquaintance theory. If this is correct, the killer has good reason to live in terror because every day more of them are being tested.

Police probed deep into the personal life of this pretty girl—to find if she had any clandestine love affairs, or anything that might have prompted her to voluntarily go to distant Hampstead with a man. But they could uncover nothing.

Like all other attractive young girls, she went out on many dates, but there was nothing in her past to indicate she was anything other than a demure and modest stenographer who was loyally devoting all of her spare time to volunteer work.

Her mother, unable to give police any clue as to the likely associates, believed that Maple accepted a lift home in the blackout, was assaulted and murdered in the car, and then dropped at the most deserted spot her assailant could find.

The authorities are not telling all they know, but they do say they believe that she took the wrong bus, got off at a few minutes and then made contact with the killer.

Also they claim to have now accounted for all but 31 minutes of that last hour. This suggests that in addition to the one car, there may have been one or more eye-witnesses. In that case the net may be invisibly drawing close to the murderer who, no doubt, is keeping his telltale hands in his pockets as much as possible. But every time he eats in a restaurant and touches a glass or spoon, he cannot be sure that the waiter will not bring it to a Scotland Yard operator waiting in the kitchen to compare the prints on it.



Lively Maple Church, Whose Strange Death Puzzled All London and May Mark a New Milestone in Scientific Crime Detection.

Bruno Hauptmann case in which the mysterious German criminal was convicted of the Lindbergh kidnapping. It was then brought out that fingerprint science had advanced to a point where they could be photographed and identified from rougher substances such as undressed wood, towels, gloves and other articles of clothing.

Scotland Yard technicians went over every inch of that stair-structure but found nothing. This very smart killer apparently knew they would do this and evidently wore gloves, so he could silently chuckle at their vain efforts. Nevertheless the killer did leave his prints and the question is whether this was an oversight or deliberate, a part of the same exhibitionist bravado which caused him to leave the body where he did.

The prints were on the victim's skin, near the throat and in other places on her torso and thighs, printed in her own blood. If the criminal is the smart-Aleck the police believe him to be, he has undoubtedly read the last word on fingerprints and knows that any sort, found on the human skin cannot be photographed, also that they vanish entirely within 24 to 48 hours. Safe in this knowledge, such a person might well enjoy leaving the tantalizing things to tease the detectives.

But the last word on the subject had not yet been printed, merely whispered to a very few by Superintendent Cherrill.

He had the body hauled to the morgue where a surgeon specializing in skin-grafting peeled off the skin under all the prints. The skin was then stretched on drums, devised by Cherrill, who then dusted them with a secret, fluorescent powder and photographed them by special rays.

The result was first-class prints, good enough to identify anyone. Hundreds of sets were made and sent throughout the British Isles. This proved only one thing, that the killer had never been in the hands of the law on any serious matter. However, in spite of the war, other sets are on their way to all parts of the Empire, the United States and eventually will reach every part of the world not under the heel of the Nazi or the Jap. After the war, they will go to the rest of Europe and even Germany itself.

Should all this prove negative, something else is almost certain to happen. A person with that twisted, know-it-all type of mind, is bound to run into conflict with the law,



Police Searching for Clues in the Ruined House in Hampstead, Far from the Spot Where the Girl Was Last Seen Alive.

in some matter where he will have the pleasure of proving himself, in the end, technically right. But in the meanwhile, he runs a risk of being fingerprinted in connection with some part of the war effort.

Master criminals must never blunder, as Hitler has learned in the snows of Russia, but they almost invariably do, especially the extra-smart ones who know it all.

Poor little Maple may be nothing but dust and bones before it happens, but those prints are immortal, now and once they are identified, the man who killed her may consider himself doomed, for that is about all Scotland Yard says it needs.

The Yard has an almost complete record of her movements. It is known that when Big Ben boomed out nine o'clock, Sunday evening, Maple Church was alive, well and just starting home. Exactly as it boomed one hour later she was being killed. Medical science estimated that she died at about 10 P.M. that evening. Also, a woman living near the bombed residence heard a scream that made her blood run cold. She heard just one, and no more, possibly because the strokes of the famous clock, beginning at that moment, may have drowned out any others.

After Big Ben finished striking ten, she listened but heard nothing. Only a few nights before a girl had screamed and the rather elderly woman, rousing others, had rushed into the dark only to find that careless boys and girls were playing a joke on her. Those earlier screams had not been so blood-curdling but the woman, not wishing to make a fool of herself again, decided to do nothing about it. Maple and her chum, Vera Wyman, who lived in Kensington, were stenographers devoting a few hours every evening to canteen work. Their work done, the two young ladies stood chatting a moment aloofly against the ghostly glimmer of light, permitted, even these nights, to mark the entrance of the underground at Charing Cross.

Scotland Yard Detective Removing Maple's Clothing Found Beneath the Ricketty Staircase That Led to Her Body.

Vera says that Maple was doing most of the talking because she was full of good news, big news. Her mother had telephoned that the postman had brought a letter from her boy-friend, an officer of the Merchant Marine. It was the first in many anxious weeks and meant that once more he had crossed the Atlantic safely in spite of submarine and bomber, bringing precious war material from America.

Just then the great timepiece rumbled out that another hour had passed into eternity and put an end to Maple's chatter. "That's nine o'clock," she cried. "Hurry, Vera, or you will miss your express and I must get my bus. Cheerio."

Vera hurried down the steps to her train and Maple, though no love-letter was awaiting her, hopped through the square to meet death, exactly 60 minutes later.

What happened in that last hour? Maple's mother believes she missed the bus and then,

FLORIDA'S SEA-GOING JITTERBUGS JOIN the NAVY



After a Fast Trip Through the Streets of Miami Behind Automobiles, the Outboard Fleet Is Launched From a Narrow Beach on the Shore of Biscayne Bay.



The Three Photographs at the Left Show the Sea-Going Jitterbugs on Their Way to One of the Islands Lying Off Miami and the Members of the Miami Outboard Club Making a Landing and Going Into Action.



WITH typical Yankee ingenuity, this country's citizens have tackled the problem of defending the United States against any recurrence of Pearl Harbor.

In the Mid-West, archery clubs and skeet-shoot groups now have battalions trained to deal with enemy parachute troops. East and West coasts are dotted with thousands of air raid listening

posts. In the northern States, ski clubs are ready to help train regular troops while throughout

the country amateur radio operators have set up auxiliary emergency communication units.

And now Florida has popped up with a highly ingenious "flea fleet." Organized under the direction of U. S. Naval Reserve officers, the Miami Outboard Club has pooled all its mid-sized power boats to form one of the most practical of civilian defense groups and the pictures on this page show the volunteers in action.

All members of the "flea fleet" own fast outboard motor boats each with an automobile trailer that can get it quickly to any given point in the Miami area. Carrying water ski troops with rifles on their backs, these boats can land them ready for action as fast or faster than any known attack group.

Not only can this midsize fleet do valuable patrol and liaison work in coastal waters during any period of emergency, but it might prove indispensable during any actual attempt at invasion, since some of Florida's most densely populated regions are on islands that could be quickly separated from the main-

land by the bombing of a few bridges.

In emergencies, so it is claimed, these sea-going "jitterbugs" aren't likely to be caught napping at docks and piers. For every outboard moored at a dock, there are perhaps a dozen more carefully stowed away in garages, under porches, and at the heads of bayous and creeks.

Most of these tiny outboards could swarm from their hiding places during and after a raid like an army of mice and begin important rescue and communications work.

They could rush food supplies, doctors and nurses to almost any point accessible by water. If telephone communications were cut they could become messengers, scouting like dragon flies over the bays and inland waterways, even along the canals which in so many cases parallel south Florida's highways and permit water communication, by this means, from coast to coast.

They could bring engineers to disabled bridges, crews from

sinking ships and, if necessary, they could become formidable destructive agents.

Although the potential services of the outboard fleet are many, it is being trained primarily as a liaison, or messenger, squadron. In practice, it patrols areas of Biscayne Bay—and waterways to the south and north too shallow for larger boats—and it contacts cruiser squadrons on similar patrol work. Miami's "flea fleet," now consisting of three squadrons of eight outboards each, has two-way radio communication service, a Red Cross unit, three airplanes, an outboard smoke-screening boat, hand grenades, rifles, pistols and dynamite equipment.

There are probably more than 200,000 outboard craft on Florida's East and West coasts—and over a million in the nation. Officials of the marine division of the National Civilian Defense Council foresee the day when similar squadrons will be organized in other parts of the country to give invaders a tough time.

HERE IT IS FOLKS, THE NEW

COLA JELL-O!

HEY DON, DON'T FORGET
-IT'S THE FIRST
COLA DESSERT

YASSUH MISTUH BENNY—
AN' IT'S DE SEVENTH
DELICIOUS FLAVOR

ROSES ARE RED
COLA JELL-O IS AMBER
TO GET ME SOME—
PIKE'S PEAK I'D GLAMBER!

HERE'S RICHNESS THAT
THE WORLD WILL RAVE O'er
FOR COLA'S GOT THAT
"LOCKED-IN" FLAVOR!

SWEET AS A WALTZ!
ZIPPY AS A RUMBA!



Little Patrick Padden Seems to Be One of the Most Sophisticated Younger Citizens of Newark, New Jersey. At the Age of Two He Is Something of a Veteran Pipe Smoker and Occasionally Lays the Briar Aside for a Cigar or a Cigarette.



Tune in Sundays to the Jell-O Show, starring Jack Benny with Mary Livingstone, Phil Harris, Dennis Day, Rochester, "Yours Truly" Don Wilson, & sometimes Carmichael

Associated Picture Service

Fighting India's Desert Insect Blitzkrieg With Noise

Like the Biblical Plague That Darkened Egypt's Skies, Locusts Are Attacking Farms and Villages, and Until Science Finds a Better Way, Natives Are Setting Up a Mighty Tin-Pan Chorus to Torture the Invaders' Sensitive Ears and Drive Them Away



Layers of Hungry Locusts Even Devouring a Fence Post, After an Entire Corn Crop Had Been Eaten Away.

By H. GEORGE FRANKS,
Former Editor of "The Star of India" and
Member of the Indian Historical
Records Commission

BOMBAY, India.
WHILE the Russians were facing the German hordes and, with the British, were taking over Iran, Europe paid no attention to another blitzkrieg, the invasion of India from the air by billions of locusts from Iran, Iraq and parts of Russia.

It was so important to India, however, that the natives promptly forgot about the World War to mobilize against the insect luf-waffe which has scored victories for thousands of years by dropping eggs, more deadly than bombs.

The natives' only effective weapon against the locust is sending up a barrage of noise. Ancient Sanskrit writings recommended to their ancestors, "much shouting in any effort to turn the oncoming cloud of living death."

The insect's one weak spot is its ears and sufficient din sent up from the ground, drives the air squadrons into confused flight in circles, until they drop exhausted to the ground, where they can be trampled to death by the feet of the defenders.

There are nearly four hundred million pairs of feet in India, but, even if they could all be concentrated on the battlefields, it would hardly be enough.

This is because the female locust is a modern dictator's ideal of motherhood. Let us see what one locust or rather one pair, can achieve in the way of productivity. When only 13 days old, the spawning couple is able to produce up to eleven egg-bags, each containing an average of 82 eggs, that is, about 900 grubs waiting to hatch out.

Under favorable conditions these become hoppers in about nine days, so that in 22 days from the first egg-laying there are about 450 new females, each ready to lay still another 900 eggs. This gives just under half a million locusts in about three weeks, all from just one pair of parents.

But when the invading swarm starts at the modest strength of only a few million, its possibilities pass beyond calculations that have meaning to anyone but a mathematician.

Since the mother locust has not done her full maternal duty unless she lays two lots of eggs a year, it is not surprising to learn that the present visitation is so dense in parts of India that express trains have been brought to a standstill, partly because the locusts actually blocked the rails, like drifts of snow, and partly because the air was so thick with them that visibility was only about three feet.

To add another point to the staggering picture of fecundity, it can be stated that neither male nor female locust is in any way hampered by ideas of fidelity.

There being no sentimental delays, the normal cycle of life is usually speeded up whenever favorable, such as plenty of food and not too much noise.

It is astonishing in how many other ways this war of man against insect is like modern war of man against man. The locusts, like the Axis Powers, are "have-not" nations whose native country is the desert.

There they live on the scanty weeds and other vegetation, getting along well enough except when unusually wet seasons produce extra but temporary food supplies on which they promptly increase to many millions more than the desert can normally support.

Then comes the inevitable war between the "haves" and the "have-nots." If the locusts could talk on the radio, the insect marauders could use the propaganda of Germany, Italy and Japan, almost word for word, in excusing their destruction of countries which are able to support their own populations.

The French know from past experience that they are the inevitable victims of the German outbreaks which seem to be setting themselves in cycles of about a generation. They saw this last one coming yet did nothing to stop it at its source.

Old Print Showing a Family Fighting a Plague of Locusts in the Orient. The Weapons Are Fire, Smoke, Slashing Branches and a Bedlam Set Up With Drums and Tin Pans.

In exactly the same way the Indian native knows when his insect enemy is preparing to kill him off with another locust famine but neglects to fight the war on the enemy's soil, or have it policed, which science says is the only effective way.

Each estate or village in Northern India waits for the foe to pick its own convenient time for invasion, just as the little countries of Europe allowed Hitler to strike them down, one at a time.

In some cases, wealthy land-owners, whose tenants work for them under a complicated feudal system, organize everyone into armies, composed of regiments, officers, scouts and messengers. Villages are similarly regimented.

As news of the dreaded cloud reaches the commanding officer, he sends out the call to mobilize. Instantly every job, except care of the critically ill, is dropped, as every available man, woman and even child, old enough to toddle, marches forth to yell his head off.

One family, composed of a husband, four wives and some twenty-old children, all howling at once, can make the welkin ring and the efforts of a village screaming in unison, is something not to be forgotten.

The zero-hour for the attack is usually at dawn. As in man-to-man battles, the side

which runs out of ammunition and supplies first, is usually beaten.

Until recent times most of these combats seemed, during the first day, to be going somewhat in favor of the human side. But by nightfall their voices had been reduced to hardly more than a whisper. In other words they had run out of their noise ammunition, just at the crisis of the battle.

At dusk the insect air force must stop flying and seek barracks for the night in trees and shrubs. Here they would like to spend most of the night eating and then after the last leaf has been devoured, enjoy the rest in peaceful slumber.

If this is permitted they will arise the next dawn, rested, refueled and full of vigor for another day of battle. For centuries the human army had to bring up reinforcements of persons whose voices had not been cracked or it was beaten. Today, they are better equipped.

Always they have possessed a few kettles and pans on which to drum, but such utensils were too scarce to amount to much. Nowadays, Northern India relies chiefly on kerosene cans. When beaten with a small stick these yield such a satisfactory din that old rusted-out ones are never thrown away and

the temptation to use their metal for other purposes is usually resisted.

Instead they are hoarded, during times of peace in the local arsenal for locust-defense. With the aid of this new weapon, the noise barrage can be maintained, as long as the human warrior can keep awake and only a person stone deaf could sleep in such a bedlam.

As the defenders march from tree to tree, the tormented insects go mad, unable to eat or sleep. In desperation they fly into the darkness, only to fall in heaps on the ground.

Even so, the native, more often than not, is beaten by sheer force of numbers, far more than he can step on. Another weakness of the human army is that it has no Generalissimo. Each little regiment or division fights only a defensive war, refusing to march beyond its own territory.

As often as the tired fighters drive a swarm over to the next community, they go home for well-earned rest and food, only to learn, often too late, that their neighbors have driven it back, and the foe has already dug in.

Close-up of an Invading Locust, Whose Descendants Breed So Fast That the Multiplication Almost Defies Calculation.

One of the most effective defenses against the German invaders has been Marshall Budenkov's "parched earth" policy.

As often as a Nazi drive has won some Russian territory, the victors shocked themselves how little they have won at terrific cost. All crops in the field have been burned, in the cities every factory and every bit of useful material has been removed or destroyed. The German "locusts" come to devour and destroy and the job done for them. For once, they cannot live on the country. Entomologists have urged the peasants of India to use similar tactics against the insect destroyers, leaving them to starve on the parched earth.

But the native cannot bring himself to kill the crops on which he must live, though if he does not do so, the locust will produce the parched earth anyhow.

Some peasants adopted blitzkrieg methods when the hoppers appeared, and used home-made rollers of wood or stone, drawn by elephants or camels or bullocks or even by women and children, to crush the creatures as they swarmed over the dry earth—producing effective but limited results.

Many states of Asia have combined into a sort of League of Nations to keep the common enemy within bounds. Though they have accumulated considerable knowledge, thus far, like the other League, they have been powerless to take vigorous action. In the deserts of Asia where these insect "have-nots" belong, the victims have a set of spies. The spy may not live dangerously but it is a life of lonesome hardship.

A long string of tiny huts has been stretched across the deserts in places. In each lives a lonely man, who for several months at a time, keeps a day and night watch on locust habits and customs from the cradle to the grave.

One of his jobs is to send warning of signs of increased activity. One of these observers made the curious discovery, later confirmed by others, that the locusts are suspicious even of the unobtrusive study by a lone man. They showed it by migrating to other breeding grounds.

Gradually it has been learned that there are two distinct types of locust. One, and the more numerous, is of the totalitarian persuasion, herding together in peace and war.

The other, is the rugged individualist, who, between migrations, likes to live alone, despising the common herd. Unfortunately, when the swarming madness seizes the totalitarian, the individualists join the plundering army and seem to be as bad as the others.

The solitary is usually green in color, with striped eyes, while the others range from white to black, through a series of yellows but are satisfied with a standard eye.

This contrasty dressing is useful, especially when the individualists decide to gang up with the others, thus revealing that a general mobilization is under way, foreshadowing war.

One might think it hopeless for a man on foot to follow the migration of a little swarm of locusts to some new breeding spot far away in another part of the desert. The thing is not easy and requires some luck but it has been done many times. The observer first goes around with a tiny paint brush, to add his own touch to Nature's already gaudy costume. With this extra decoration, he will recognize any of them on sight, anywhere.

Then, one day, he finds the spot deserted. Not a locust in sight.

But he has his clues. Like the Arabs on their camels, the locusts, on tour, are careful to take a route that will go through as many damp spots as possible (oases to the insects). The observer follows some of the likeliest of these routes and, if he visits the right damp spot, will identify some of his personally-decorated friends.

And there, in its native desert breeding spot, is the place to exterminate the locust or at least keep it from becoming numerous enough to burst forth in devastating invasions.

By ring-fencing the breeding places and lining the trenches with some form of glossy inoleum, the hoppers can be confined to their nursery, and most of them ultimately starved to death. Some, however, resort to cannibalism and eat their dead brothers and sisters when green-stuff runs out. So the complete extermination of a swarm depends upon whether they can all be starved before they grow their wings.



Remarkable Photograph of a Locust Swarm in Ravipindi, India. Officers of the Royal Signal Corps Are Shown Beating Their Way Across the Field.

BOAT BACK

by
Leon Ware

Denounced by His Shipmates as a Traitor, Chief Engineer Rinnan of a Norwegian Tanker Proves There's More Than One Way to Outwit a Nazi Submarine. A Dramatic Story Complete in This Issue.

THE lights of La Guaria twinkled out across the harbor, faintly illuminating a deeply laden tanker, swinging uneasily from her anchor behind the sheltering mole. The towering, brooding Andes rose abruptly from the city's outer fringe and seemed to hang threateningly over the peaceful scene, like the foreboding overture to some tragic opera. While the harbor currents swept past her hull, the Austfeld moved sluggishly, yet restlessly, as if she was half anxious, half reluctant to start on the journey before her—out to the grey Atlantic and beyond that—England.

In a dimly lighted water-front cafe three men in faded, sea-worn uniforms quietly sipped beer. One, a completely bald man in his fifties, was Georg Rinnan, the Austfeld's chief engineer. He sat alone, the nicotine-stained fingers of his stubby right hand drumming the table softly, his back to the two other tanker officers across the room. He had joined the free-Norwegian ship only a month before and, as always, he was slow to make friends.

The two younger officers, both blond giants, were Larson, the first mate, and Harlan, the second engineer. They also were finishing their beers in silence. The hours, the days ahead would offer opportunities enough for conversation, but now, on peaceful soil for perhaps the last time, their minds were too occupied with thoughts to waste the time in talk. They rose, paid the hovering waiter and stepped outside.

Chief Rinnan drained his glass, lit another cigarette and followed the younger men to the street. He caught up with them just as a stocky man in slightly wrinkled white clothes, who had been approaching them, stopped in the middle of the narrow sidewalk, blocking their way.

"Good evening, Herren," the man said in good Norwegian, but with an unmistakable German accent. "You are about to leave La Guaria, is it not so?"

His round face was pale under the yellow street light and his dark eyes flicked from face to face in quick, darting movements. A fine example, thought Rinnan, of the worst of the breed.

Larson pushed his cap up a little on his forehead. "Good evening," he said shortly. "What we do is our business, not yours."

The German laughed. "Now, perhaps—but not later. Before very long you will all answer properly when you are spoken to—by your betters."

Rinnan noticed the cords in young Harlan's neck tense. "Get off the sidewalk before I push you off," the second engineer said quietly.

The civilian's eyes narrowed angrily, but he moved aside slightly as Harlan's gaze remained steady. "In La Guaria, my stupid friend, I have certain diplomatic privileges."

"Get off the sidewalk," Harlan repeated, the words drawn thin and brittle by the set of his teeth.

THE German moved over against the wall, laughing humorously. "You have relatives in Norway, is it not so? Is it not so, Eyvind Harlan?"

"You killed them at Lillehammer," Harlan said, breathing with difficulty, but keeping his voice low. "You killed them at Lillehammer. You have no hold over me!"

The fat, portly face turned to the first mate. "But you, Per Larson, At Stavanger?"

"At Stavanger live my father and my mother," the first mate said slowly. "I ever so much as a hair of their heads is harmed, all my life I shall hunt you down, and when I find you, pig, God himself will not be able to help you."

"Idle threats from empty people," the German said bluntly. He looked at Rinnan.

"You, Georg Rinnan. About you we know little. Twenty-three years you have lived in the United States. A poor Norwegian, that."

Rinnan chuckled and sucked deeply on his cigarette. "There is no point in standing here, arguing with a man so wise as you," he said pleasantly. "We have work to do. Good-night," he nodded to the German, and moved to pass on.

"Shall I tell you what your job is?" The voice had become harsh, naked of suavity. "Shall I tell you why it will never be completed? You are so secret, you simple people. You are so careful to hide your plans. You are so stupid! At Havana you loaded one thousand tons of molasses and here you have loaded four thousand tons of Diesel oil!" He snorted contemptuously. "I laugh in your face. Do you think it will ever reach England? Do you think so? Bah! Fools like you have no right to live!"

Rinnan saw Harlan's right shoulder drop and the engineer's fist buried itself beyond the wrist in the white-stuffed stomach. The German's tongue and eyes popped out and he folded up like a punctured balloon, his false teeth clattering noisily across the sidewalk. Harlan kicked him once, hard.



Blinded With Pain From Lovick's Double Blow, Rinnan Fell to the Deck Before the German Submarine Officer Could Bring His Gun Down on Lovick's Head.

Amoy, Belawan and Soerabaya, Singapore and Zamboanga were more familiar to him than the ports on Oslo Fjord itself.

There was nothing to draw him back to Norway: no homestead, no near relatives. True, he had always kept an address in Fredrikstad. And he had to pay taxes in Norway—and listen to stolid, blue-eyed men go into lyric ecstasies over May skiing and Northern Lights and fjords and fruit soup. Often he had been tempted to take out American citizenship and hunt for a berth in an American vessel, but somehow he hadn't gotten around to it. He wasn't American enough for that; he didn't know the language well enough to feel at home. And he was beginning to realize that he wasn't very Norwegian, either. Norway had always left him cold, emotionally, but now, at the thought of England—and Norway, his hand was suddenly shaking.

He got up and pulled the plug from the percolator, then poured out a cupful of coffee and added evaporated milk from a can. He put a small lump of sugar between his lips and sipped the coffee around it. It was a moment before he realized what he was doing and felt amused with himself: it had been a long time since he had followed this Norwegian custom. He lifted his cup to the sparkling Caribbean beyond his port hole.

"Din Skall!" he said. "Your health."

He lit another cigarette and went back to the log book, copying his scratch notes carefully into the neat ledger. After a time he became aware of an unusual amount of confusion on the deck just beyond his cabin, and when his work was done, padded out there.

A faint breeze had sprung up with the sun, bringing with it the sharp, clean smell of salt. The water alongside was making the noise of a sleeping giant; a long, slow inhalation followed by a quick, rushing sound as a wave crest creamed away from the side. It was a good morning to be alive. He appreciated it even more than he normally would, now that they were headed for England.

Larson was hestily arguing with three deck-hands over a box which lay at his feet beside number three tank's standpipe. It is not customary for deck-hands to argue with the mate over work, and Rinnan stepped around to listen. As he approached he saw the inscription on one of the boxes and involuntarily crushed his cigarette under his heel. The word EXPLOSIVES glowed blood-red in the dark.

"What's the idea?" he asked.

Larson turned and then jerked his head at the stubborn-faced deck-hands. "They refuse to help me with this stuff inside the oil tank..."

"Seems logical," Rinnan mused. "Explosives and oil aren't common bed-fellows. What's the idea?"

Larson's clean-shaven face darkened. "No Hun is going to use this oil. If we're stopped I'll set it off. I'll blow us out of the water!"

A frown crossed Rinnan's brow. He prescribed the box with his slipper toe. "The Captain knows about this."

"Of course!"

Rinnan rubbed his unshaven chin. "I don't believe in taking unnecessary risks," he frowned. "We're not too far from home. It's a long way from the danger zone..."

"Wait—wait—wait!" The mate's blue eyes snapped. "Always we wait! That's the trouble with you lot. You're too cautious!"

"It is so important to risk all our lives—on the slight chance that we may be stopped!"

The mate stared at him coldly. He doesn't

German's tongue and eyes popped out and he folded up like a punctured balloon, his false teeth clattering noisily across the sidewalk. Harlan kicked him once, hard.

"I feel better," he said and the three men started down the deserted street toward the mole.

Rinnan, a step or two behind them on the narrow walk, flicked his cigarette into a pool of water among the cobblestones. "It will be awkward if we come back here," he observed.

Harlan's voice shook. "I will never come back—here."

"It seemed much to do because he baited you," Rinnan mused.

The second engineer paused and turned under a street light, his eyes snapping. "After what THEY have done to my people? After what they have done to us? One thing he WAS right about: You have been away too long. You are not much of a Norwegian!"

Rinnan shrugged a little. "Perhaps..." Behind them a police whistle trilled. "Shall we move a little faster?"

Dawn was streaking the eastern horizon as the Austfeld, a whisper of tawny smoke curling from her stack, crept around the end of the breakwater and dipped her rusted snout into the blue Caribbean. The Diesels picked up speed and the roar of the exhaust settled down to a hollow rumble. In the engine-room Chief Rinnan wiped his leathery face with a sweat rag and watched as young Harlan set his telegraph pointer to match that of the bridge at three-quarter speed.

The Chief read the dials a moment and then bent over the log-book as Harlan rubbed his hands on a piece of waste and paused to gulp a dipperful of water from a battered pail which hung from a circulating pump valve. As he copied figures onto a scratch

pad, Rinnan could feel the hot, quizzical eyes of the big young man on the back of his head. He straightened up quickly and caught a fading look of suspicion as Harlan dropped the dipper back into the water pail.

"The circulating water's a little hot," Rinnan said.

HARLAN nodded and moved away to check the water. The Chief took one more look around the engine-room and then slowly climbed the steep grating stairs up through the increasing heat and finally out into the cool gangway. He walked along toward the after well-deck, his oil-soaked slippers slapping softly.

Just before he stepped out into the morning's first sunlight he paused to light a cigarette. From overhead came the sound of pounding. He moved into the open and looked up.

Lovick, the nineteen-year-old wireless operator, and Bradgus, the ship's grizzled carpenter, were working on a large box in which life-preservers had been stored. The life-belts were strewn about the boat deck now and the men were busy stuffing the box with radio equipment. Rinnan climbed the ladder and stood beside them, watching.

Lovick glanced up, his young face grimly earnest. "Good morning, Chief."

Rinnan nodded. "What's that for?"

Lovick sat back on his haunches. "If we are stopped," he explained, "and they smash the radio, all we have to do is to pull this chain," he indicated a rusty chain projecting unobtrusively from the side of the box, "and this little set will start sending automatic S. O. S. calls. They will be a long time finding it here, eh, Bradgus?"

The carpenter nodded and spat over the

rail, wiping his chin with stubby, scarred hand. Rinnan leaned against a life-boat davit.

"They'll never board us," he said. "They'll chuck a torpedo in our belly and that will be that."

Lovick shrugged. "They need Diesel oil," he said. "This set will not carry far, but it may give somebody time to take a bearing on the call..."

"What about the bombers?" Rinnan asked, amused. "All this won't do you any good against the bombers."

Bradgus spit carefully over the rail again and glanced speculatively at Rinnan. "Maybe nothing comes," he said after a moment. "Maybe we go right into England."

The Chief snapped his cigarette into the creasing waves alongside. "They'll pick us off," he said. "They're too good to let us get away. Very clever people."

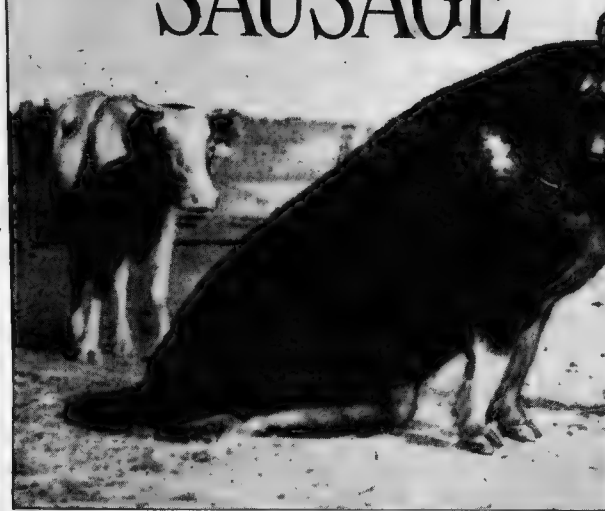
Lovick's face darkened while the carpenter studied the chisel in his hand, then looked up. "If you think so, why do you come with us?" Rinnan chuckled. "Maybe it's the extra money," he said and turned away. As he backed down the ladder he saw the two men watch him closely.

In his own cabin Georg Rinnan plugged in the coffee percolator and, rummaging in his desk drawer, laid out a round tin of cigarettes and another of sweet chocolate. Then, while the coffee bubbled and spit, he opened the engine-room log book and started a fresh page. La Guaria to, England...

England. His hand shook a little and he stared down at it curiously. In twenty-three years he hadn't been back to Europe. The last time he had seen England was on his very first trip out from Oslo. Somehow, he had gotten started in the West Coast-Orient trade and had stayed in it. Yokohama and

(Continued on Page 16)

Too Human to Become SAUSAGE



"Old Doc" Grew Like Jack's Bean Stalk of the Fairy Tale and Developed Such Winning Traits That His Owner Just Can't Bear to Kill Him Even Though He Would Make More Meat Than Any Five Ordinary Hogs — the Strangest Embarrassment of Riches on Record

MANY people love pork in various forms, but who could love a hideous old hog, weighing nearly 800 pounds, and with the most outrageous appetite in the State of Alabama?

Well, Mr. S. C. Sharp does or, at least, one old rascal of a porker has something on him which makes it impossible to use the knife when butchering time comes. Mr. Sharp is no sentimental "softie," but a hard-boiled business man, a farmer, part of whose business is raising and butchering hogs. "Pigs is pigs" to him and his knife, all except this big hog, known as "Old Doc." As often as the farmer sets out in a strictly business frame of mind, armed with a sharp knife and grim determination, to "do the sensible thing," "Old Doc" sits up on his hams and begs for his life.

Mr. Sharp keeps on telling himself fiercely that he needs the money, but "Old Doc" knocks his resolution into a cocked hat. The hog puts the thing on a personal basis, like sticking a knife into his other trusting friend, the dog. The same thing happens every time. The would-be butcher finds himself hiding the knife behind his back and hoping that all this live sausage meat does not understand what he has in mind.

Some think "Old Doc" cannot imagine hostile feelings in the heart of his good friend. Others think he understands the situation better than Farmer Sharp does and is laughing at him. Anyhow, everything is all right, as far as the porker is concerned and he proves it by waddling his huge bulk alongside of his master and squealing invitingly. Mr. Sharp knows from experience that it is an invitation for him to take a ride on the leathery back.

The man invariably drops his knife and accepts. Around and around the pen he rides on the homely steed. These rides, though not exactly majestic, were considerable consolation to the farmer. Mr. Sharp knows that this is no fiery stallion such as kings and emperors bestride but he has his points. After all, even the President never had a hog invite him for a free ride.

"After that, only a Jap would have the heart to kill the old cuss," says Mr. Sharp. "Would you?"

The answer is always "No," and he has received many letters from strangers, commending his merciful feelings.

"I wish, though," the farmer sometimes remarks, "that he would show a little gratitude by not eating so much. That animal is bigger inside than out."

It would be nice to be able to say that "Old Doc" shows his appreciation by making at least some efforts in that direction, but such is not the truth. He usually responds to the suggestion by begging for an ear of corn—and gets it. He then shows off by holding the ear between his front hoofs and eating it, just like a dog gnawing on a bone.

This trick invariably delights the visitor into recording "Old Doc's" appeals for more corn on the cob. It is clear that Mr. Sharp has saddled himself with a heavy overhead for the duration of the hog's natural life, what has he done to deserve this super tax? Look-



Mr. S. C. Sharp Petting "Old Doc" in His Pen, and Nobody Ever Saw a Hog Grow This Big "Round Birmingham-Way."



One of the Amiable Traits Which "Old Doc" Developed Was to Let His Owner Ride Around on His Enormous Flanks—a Real Piggie-Ride.

ing back over his 78 years, the farmer can recall doing nothing to deserve it, unless it was the time, as a boy, in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, he laughed so moderately at the somewhat similar predicament of the town's slickest horse trader, a man named Jepson. Jepson drove up one day with a black and white horse which he boasted he had gotten for almost nothing and which needed only a little feeding up to be a bargain. The horse's history and pedigree were unknown.

A stranger in town who had been looking the horse over with a peculiar smile, whispered something in the boy's ear. Young Sharp thought the suggestion over; didn't see how it could do any harm and acted on it. Getting closer to the animal's head, he whispered in one of its ears:

"Whether a piglet would put on weight fast enough to show a good profit at slaughter time. It never occurred to him that he might be stuck with a trick pig and had such an impossible thing been destined, what difference would it make in its price as pork?"

One day he and his nearest neighbor, Jack McClain, paused in front of a store window in Moundville. The attraction was a youthful pig, pink, immaculately clean and cute, which was being raffled off.

"Is that a good pig?" asked Jack. "Looks good to me," said the expert. "Let's go in and take a chance," suggested the neighbor.

"None," replied Sharp. "I swore off taking chances way back in 1930."

"Whop! January!"

The result was magical. The horse first stood up on its hind legs, then on its front ones. After that it lay down and rolled over, breaking both shafts and upsetting the buggy. The stranger did not remain to explain, but it was later learned that the "buggy" had belonged to a clown in Barnum and Bailey's circus and was of negligible value for anything else. Young Sharp should have shown sympathy instead of laughing until he cried. So perhaps his belated punishment is having this big hungry hog on his hands.

Mr. Jepson had to turn his four-footed comedian out to pasture, where to the end of its days the horse remained a pet and showpiece, as well as a standing joke on himself, often standing on its hind legs, in hopes of a lump of sugar. After many years the old horse finally went to the glue factory and its owner to the cemetery.

Meanwhile young Sharp grew into a serious-minded and prosperous merchant of Tuscaloosa. Among other properties, he owned a farm, some 25 miles out of town, at Moundville. Then came the crash of 1929, bringing in the long depression, which wiped out the merchant's business and everything else he had except that one farm. Mr. Sharp had no ambition to be a farmer, but it seemed to be the only way to eat regularly, so he did it.

He wasn't much interested in the crops nor in the other farm animals, but pigs were something he happened to know a lot about. Good hogs, bought right and raised right, should make good money. He would speculate on this in his problem, so he thought, was

bright little eyes, almost as if he knew you."

"Well, he doesn't, and it wouldn't do him any good if he did. I pay cash for my pigs when the price is right."

Those who believe in the fantastic theory of transmigration of souls have it all worked out that the pig was the reincarnated soul of that circus horse. If so, the future victim felt no psychic spell at the time and walked away. "Say," Mr. McClain called after him. "I'm going to take a chance and if I win, will you buy him from me? I don't know anything about pigs."

"Sure, oh, sure," answered Sharp, carelessly, as he went about his business.

A few days later the neighbor appeared with a broad grin and the announcement:

"I knew I was going to win the critter and you remember your promise to buy him."

Mr. Sharp is a man who remembers his promises and admitted this one.

"How much?" he asked.

"To an old friend like you I'd let him go for \$18."

"Has he got ivory bones or gold fillings?"

"No, that's less than what Joe told me he is worth."

"Listen," said Mr. Sharp, firmly. "Make me the price you would to a stranger, say four dollars, or six at the most, and I'll take him off your hands—and that's final."

But it wasn't. A few days later the pig got out of Mr. McClain's makeshift pen and made a personal appearance to Mr. Sharp, who was deep in his cornfield. Instead of rooting around for the destructively little fellow lay down, like a dog, and watched him. Also, like a dog, he allowed the farmer around until finally the kitchen door was slammed shut on his pink snout. Thereupon, the animal uttered strangely human sobs not at all like the conventional squeals. These were so disturbing that everyone who heard them was

disturbed. "I wish you would take your pig off my doorstep," was Sharp's greeting.

"Be reasonable," said Jack. "He likes you and he doesn't like me. He dug a regular subway under the pen to get out. I can't do a thing with him. We will make it eight bucks."

"Four or nothing," said Sharp. "He has been here no sale, but just this pig set up on its baby haunches, waved pink hooves at Mr. Sharp and trilled plaintively. The pork growler watched in amused amazement, which was a great mistake. Nothing in the pork line has any right to act so human. He was touched, he hesitated."

Nevertheless the idyl ends under the shadow of a dark question mark. It was decided that "Old Doc" should be pensioned off but pensioners are not retired on full salary, usually they get only half pay. This one was cut to something like normal hog rations but, alas, that spoiled his sunny disposition, while streaming him down to a mere 700 pounds.

The retired porker has become downright mean, dangerously so to everyone except Mr. Sharp. If he turns on that benefactor too, then what?

Photograph of Mr. S. C. Sharp Feeding His Enormous Hog Which Became Such a Pet He Can't Bear to Send the Prize Porker to Market; in the Background is an Ordinary Cow.

tated and was lost. The neighbor went away richer by eight perfectly good dollars, the pig remained and all were happy for a while.

True, Mrs. Sharp and her daughter mentioned some of the things that might better have been bought from mail order catalogues, if he had money "to throw away," but these comments soon ceased. Nobody knows how the newcomer acquired that beguiling trick. He seems to have been merely one of a litter of Poland China pigs who have long since gone the way of all hog flesh. Presumably he invented that accomplishment out of his own mind, saw that it was profitable and added others to his repertory, not without encouragement. This does not explain why the other pigs who had ample opportunity to imitate his racket seemed to do so and, just for that, have been converted into parts of human beings via the sausage route.

A promising pig is one that promises to put on weight at a profitable rate. The new one overkept his promise, but only by eating more than double normal pig rations. All the Sharp pigs are called "Doc's" in honor of the local veterinary, who is a well-nourished man, but the new pig, by virtue of his impressive growth and unwary human traits, became known as "Old Doc." Mr. Sharp took a hand in his own undoing, assisted by wife, daughter and everyone else who visited the place.

The head of the family admits that the trick of riding him around the pen might never have come to pass if he had not squealed and abetted the idea by seeing if it was what the hog had in mind when the animal snuggled up and granted him a ride. Nevertheless Mr. Sharp insists that it was "Old Doc's" idea first.

"Old Doc" sits up and catches kernels of corn and other delicacies tossed to him. No doubt some human being thought of that destructively little fellow as does not explain why one pig alone grasped the idea at the start, while all the others missed the golden opportunity.

The marvel developed two most un-hog-like virtues: self-restraint and foresight. Believe it or not, he never ate a whole ear of corn on his head, instead of devouring it with the greatest possible speed. Somehow he realized that this restraint for a momentary moment would pay him 100% interest in the form of another ear of corn.

Nevertheless the idyl ends under the shadow of a dark question mark. It was decided that "Old Doc" should be pensioned off but pensioners are not retired on full salary, usually they get only half pay. This one was cut to something like normal hog rations but, alas, that spoiled his sunny disposition, while streaming him down to a mere 700 pounds.

The retired porker has become downright mean, dangerously so to everyone except Mr. Sharp. If he turns on that benefactor too, then what?



And Many a Time Mr. Sharp Has Gone Out With a Knife Behind Him to End "Old Doc's" Career But When the Big Beast Sat Up and Waved His Front Paws and Opened His Mouth Bellowingly for Corn—Well, Mr. Sharp Didn't Have the Heart to Give Him Anything But Corn.

DOWN THE TRAIL BACK TO THE OLD WEST



The Old Frontier Badmen, and Good as Well, Wasted Little Time in Argument. Most Disputes Were Settled Quickly—With a Pistol Bullet. A Fight That Started Over Nothing More Serious Than a Dirty Look Often Became Such a Brawl as Is Shown in This Contemporaneous Print From the New York Public Library.

Centipedes can't touch my tough old hide;
Rattlesnakes have bit me an' crawled right off an' died;
I'm wild an' woolly an' full of fleas,
An' I've never been carried below the knees;
I'm a wild, wild wolf, an' it's my night to howl.
—Old Cowboy Ballad.

CHAPTER VII.

"Men, Do Your Duty!"

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A FELLOW I knew mighty well in those days was Bill Gay, who started out all right but wound up about as tough as they ever got. Bill made a rich strike up the gulch north of Deadwood and quite a settlement grew up there. They called the place Gayville in his honor.

Bill's wife was about the prettiest thing in skirts anywhere in the Black Hills. Bill knew it, and so did everybody else with half an eye. A young miner got to paying too much attention to her to suit Bill so he up and shot the fellow one day.

Well, they had a trial and Bill went to the pen for a couple of years.

It was after he got out when I met him. I was working on a cow ranch on the Grand River in Dakota Territory in the early eighties. In the winter cowboys didn't have much to do but sit around the bunkhouses and play draw poker. That was all the amusement we had on long winter nights on a cow ranch.

One day two trappers camped close to our ranch. That night they came over to visit us. It didn't take us long to get them into the poker game. One of the fellows was Bill Gay. The other one was Jim Barnes.

They hung around the rest of the winter and I got well acquainted with Bill. He told me all about killing the fellow up in Gayville and serving his time in the pen.

I had heard about Bill Gay before that winter. When I was making a trip over the Oregon trail a year or two before I got pretty chummy with another cowboy named Billy Ritchie. He and Bill had been with Quantrell. After the war they had to high-tail it for California. Things were too hot for them around Missouri and Kansas. They headed back for the Black Hills when word got out about finding gold there.

Bill Gay sold everything Ritchie had told me about them was true. "But I reckon he didn't tell you how lousy he was after we hit Deadwood, did he?" Bill asked me. "He wouldn't work so he was thrown in with Lame Bradley an' his gang of outlaws an' went to robbin' stagecoaches."

Well, I knew all about Lame Bradley, too. I'll get to him a little later. I was finding out enough to know Gay and Ritchie hadn't been running in very good company.

When Spring came Gay and Barnes pulled out for Deadwood to sell their furs.

Several years went by before I met Bill Gay again. And I jogged over a good many more western trails in the meantime. I had built myself a ranch on Brook Creek, south of the Yellowstone River in Montana. I had a little bunch of cattle and was living there alone. The range wasn't fenced in those days. You spent most of your time line-riding to keep your stuff from straying clear out of the country.

I left the ranch one morning to round up strays. It was after dark when I got back. As I rode into the corral I saw a light in the house. There was a strange horse in the stable, so I knew I was going to have company that night.

I unsaddled and started for the house to investigate when a voice called to me out of the dark: "Hello, Frank! Ain't lookin' for company, are you?"



Capt. William, Vigilante Leader, Who Lived Up to His Reputation of Being "Cold as a Frozen Tombstone and Afraid of Nothing" in Breaking Up Henry Plummer's "Innocents."

It was Bill Gay. He had made himself right at home, had a big fire going and supper on the stove. "Yuh sure must 'ave bin lost, Frank, when you found this place," he said.

I reckon it was about half-way from nowhere, but I didn't know why it suited Bill so good until after we ate our supper. You didn't ask fellows any questions in those days. You just kept your ears open—and your gun handy.

He figured he knew me so he started to talk. "Remember Billy Ritchie?" he asked me. "Well, Billy's dead. Granville Stuart's Vigilantes caught him an' hung him along with a bunch of other fellows. Said he was a cattle rustler."

I wasn't surprised to hear that, knowing how he had started running with the Lame Bradley pack of outlaws.

"Billy was a good friend o' mine," Gay went on. "We fought side by side with Quantrell an' we pitched camp together clean across the plains to Californy an' back to th' Black Hills. I was hot under th' collar when I heard what they'd done to Billy. I rode into White Sulphur Springs an' started hangin' around th' saloons to see what I could find out. Pretty soon I heard a feller braggin' how he'd helped hang Billy Ritchie. I couldn't keep my mouth shut. I blew off what I thought about th' whole bunch that strung him up."

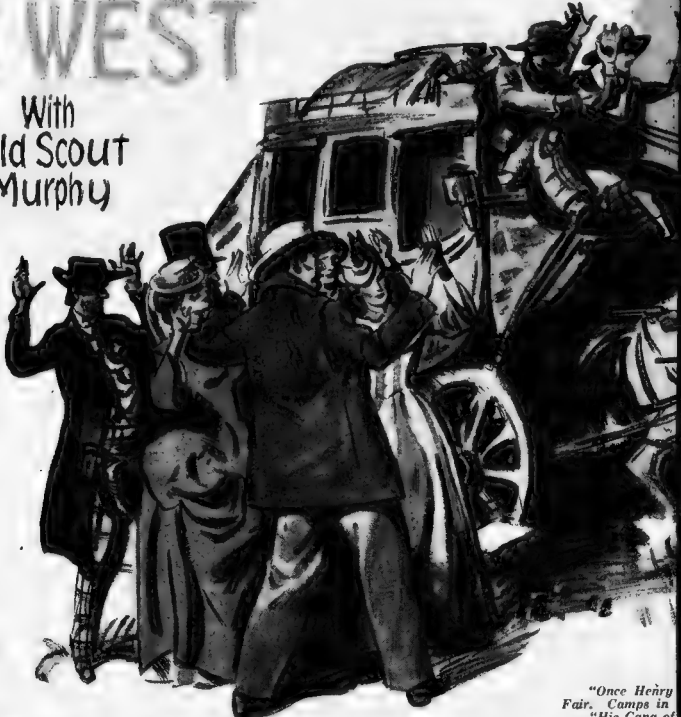
"This feller got mad at what I was sayin'. We went for our guns an' I killed him. I knew I had to light out o' there in a hurry so I jumped on my horse an' was gittin' away when a sheriff's posse cornered me. I socked in my spurs an' rode through th' posse with both guns goin'."

I asked Bill if he killed any of the posse but he didn't know. He had been riding 'til he hit my ranch," he said.

Well, he stayed with me two days, resting up and getting his belly full of grub, but he knew the country was too hot for him to stay long.

I sold him a horse, bein' mighty particular to give him one that didn't have my brand on it, fixed him up with a tarpaulin and some bedding, gave him plenty of grub so he wouldn't have to show

With
Old Scout
Murphy



"Once Henry Fair, Camps in 'His Gang of Stage Passenger 'Boot' Before the 'Then It Was Valuables and Go

JUST about eight the daring Pon his horse and dust on the first la of wild and woolly laves, mountain blas deserts, and wild Mississippi and Cal it was the begin and the hurdy-gurdy fighting marshal wh

took a shine to married woman, a Mrs. Vedder, living in Nevada City. Th husband caught Plummer and th wife together an Plummer settled the resulting argumen with a bullet through Vedder's back the settled things fo good.

He wiggled out c that scrape but wasn't long before he got mixed up i a fight over a coup dancehall gals. Th



Contemporary Drawing of Virginia City Vigilantes About to Escort One of Henry Plummer's "Innocents" Out for a "Necktie Party" at the Nearest Tree.

up in a town for a long time.

I got mighty busy looking the other way the morning he left my ranch. I didn't want to see which way he went.

It was a long time after that before I went to town. One of the first men I met was the sheriff. "Heard about Bill Gay?" he asked me.

I told him I hadn't. "He killed two deputy sheriffs gittin' away from a killin' at White Sulphur Springs."

I didn't say anything. "But we got him. He headed south and they picked him up down in New Mexico. We brought him back, gave him a trial an' hung him."

It wasn't my turn to start talking. Bill Gay was a likable cuss, but he ended up like most of the rest of his kind and I reckon he had it coming to him.

GAY and Ritchie weren't the only fellows who found out how handy the Montana boys could be with a rope. That country didn't stand for much tomfoolery. When the Vigilantes went to work cleaning out the outlaws they were out for blood—and got it.

I've told about the hanging of Joe Slade, the terror of the Overland, but the biggest roundup of badmen the Montanans ever put on was when they strung up the Plummer gang.

One of the oddest characters the West ever saw was Henry Plummer. I reckon you could call him a renegade gentleman. He was a good-looking rascal and he fooled a lot of people for quite a while with his polish and fine manners. He had a way with the ladies, too, and it got him into a peck of trouble.

Nobody ever knew much about his start. He first showed up in the California gold camps. Bein' such a handsome scamp he didn't have much trouble getting attention from the women folks. He

ended in the shooting of another man. Nevada City was getting a little tired of h gun-play by that time so Plummer struck out fo Oregon. He tied up there with a couple other ou laws, Bill Mayfield and "Cherokee Bob" Talber Mayfield had killed a sheriff in Nevada and Chero kee Bob was head of a gang of robbers.

Plummer moved east into Idaho, around th mines at Oro Fino. It was mighty wild countr full of badmen like Plummer who had been chase out of the California and Nevada gold camps. Plummer soon was head-man of a cutthroat band of road-agents. But he was a pretty slick about it. F stayed in the background.

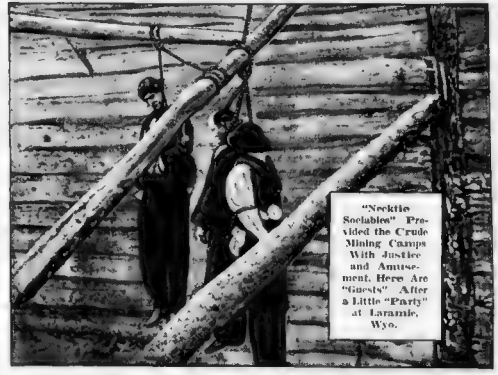
Everybody who didn't know him figured h was a mighty fine citizen. They didn't know h was pulling the strings for every robbery and stag holdup. Finally the Idaho country began gettin wise to the gang. Plummer saw he couldn't pect them any longer. When they headed ea toward the wilds of Montana Plummer disappear with them.

He landed in Alder Gulch about the time the struck gold there. Plummer was on the groun floor. When word of the rich strike spread ov the trails there was another stampede to the ne diggings. Finally the Idaho brought all kinds of fol lots of them bad.

The outlaw chief started out fooling everybo again. He always was trying to leave his blood past behind him, but he couldn't ever keep it bur long. He kept up his fine front around the boo camps of Bannack and Virginia City. He even f in love and married a fine girl who was tricked i his slick ways. But she didn't stick with him lon

The country was filling up with the outlaw he'd had under his wing in Oregon and Idaha. There was one link to his past that had Plummer scared while he was courting his wife. That w Jack Cleveland, one of his band. Cleveland lik

True Rip-Roaring Tales Told From Memory by One of the Last Survivors of the Trail- Blazing Era, When Bad Men, Worse Indians, Express Riders, Gold-Hunters and Settlers Wrote the History of Our Plains in Blood And Punctuated It With Bullets



"Necktie Sociables" Provided the Crude Mining Camps With Justice and Amusement. Here Are "Guests" After a Little "Farty" at Laramie, Wyo.

Plummer Had Got Himself Elected Sheriff, Hell Started Popping for Bannack District, Turned Into Slaughter-Houses Overnight. Agents Made It Their Business to Know How Much Money Every What Jewelry the Women Carried, and How Much Gold Was in the Roll Out.

It was the era of the gambler and the gunman, the era of the hell-roaring frontier camps. About the only law was a rope on a Vigilante's saddle. The story of those colorful, dramatic days has been written for readers of The American Weekly by Frank Murphy, who roamed our last frontier for more than half a century as cowboy, Indian scout, freighter and buffalo hunter "when there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith."

the same girl, so Plummer had two reasons for wanting him out of the way. He was afraid Cleveland might get the girl. If he didn't, he might tell too much. Well, Plummer watched his chance. Cleveland strolled into a saloon where Plummer was sitting one night. He was pretty drunk and ugly. The way he was acting Plummer was afraid he was getting ready to shoot off his mouth. Plummer stood it as long as he could then finally jumped to his feet with both guns blazing. Cleveland crumpled up on the floor, dying, and one of Plummer's enemies was out of the way. A fellow called Hank Crawford was sheriff at Bannack. He had a couple run-ins with Plummer and the outlaw took particular pains to let the sheriff know Plummer was gunning for him. Now Crawford was no coward, but he knew he was up against one of the fastest gun-fighters in the West. Friends told him one day that Plummer was out to get him. Crawford took his rifle and stepped into the street. Walking along on the opposite side was Plummer, a rifle in his hands. Crawford fired before Plummer saw him. The bullet hit a bone in Plummer's arm and glanced off. Friends carried the wounded man to his cabin. The one doctor in Bannack looked him over. "He'll live," the doctor reported. That was enough for Crawford. In a couple of days he hit the trail east.

A FEW weeks later a meeting was held to elect a new sheriff. When the votes were counted the new sheriff was the man who'd run the last one clean out of the country, Henry Plummer. A lot of Plummer's gang helped elect him, but a good many law-abiding citizens voted for him because they figured he was the sort of sheriff the new camp needed, tough and not afraid of anything on legs. They didn't know about his past. Things were playing right into Plummer's hands. He made three of his toughest desperados deputy sheriffs, Jack Gallagher, Buck Stinson, and Ned Ray. Other members of his band were scattered all through the country and around the stage stations. Plummer knew all about the outlaws. They knew all about him, too, and that made a pretty tight bond among them. They had hideouts scattered around the canyons. One of these had a name that fitted it, "Robbers' Roost." A lot of their crimes were planned there. They called themselves the "Innocents" and that was their password. They dressed pretty much alike and trimmed their beards down to a goatee, very mischievous. Every one of them wore a bandana tied in a flat knot around the throat. That bandana was the trade-mark of the road agent.

Well, it was no time before hell started popping for fair. Men were being killed and robbed every time they stepped out of their cabins. Camps in the Bannack district turned into slaughter-houses overnight. Every stagecoach that went out with any money on it was waylaid. And Henry Plummer was running and directing the whole shebang. The outlaws had a great system. Plummer's men in the camps made it their business to know just how much money every stage passenger had and how much gold was in the boot before a coach rolled out. They even had a code of marks they put on the stagecoaches to tell their confederates along the highway how much loot was on board. Some of the drivers and station-keepers were in the gang. Inside of a few months more than a hundred men were killed by the outlaws. Dozens of stagecoaches were robbed. They didn't keep track of the single-handed holdups. You got robbed of your money if you stuck your head out after dark and you were liable to get shot if you didn't have any. A fellow called "Dutch Fred" was stopped one night. "I only have five dollars," he blustered. "Why, damn yuh, if yuh ever come out this way again with only five dollars I'll shoot yuh," the bandit stormed. "Damn yuh. I think I'll shoot yuh anyway just for an example." The outlaw pulled the trigger and a bullet ploughed through Dutch Fred's arm. The citizens kept hounding Sheriff Plummer to do something to stop the slaughter and robbery. "There's nothing I can do 'til I get some evidence," was the only satisfaction they ever got. Plummer kept up his fine front. Nobody ever thought about his being the ringleader, directing the outlaws, or that his deputies were in on the play. The miners didn't say much, but they were getting mighty hot under the collar. Plummer was made sheriff in May, 1863. His band of butchers spilled enough blood that Sum-



In Those Rough and Ready Days of the Rope and the Gun the "Court" Met to Administer Frontier Justice Wherever Convenient. Everybody Could, and Usually Did, Have His Say; and the Verdict Generally Depended More on Common Sense Than on Common Law. This Sketch by Alfred Mitchell Shows a Typical "Trial" in the Barroom of a Colorado Mining Town Back in the '60s. (From the T. F. Healy Collection.)

mer to raise the creek. You got to looking for bodies every morning when you walked out of your cabin. The lid blew off in December when a Dutchman, Nick Iball, went to Dempsey's Cottonwood Ranch, one of the outlaws' hangouts. He had a hundred and fifty dollars on him, aiming to buy some mules. Iball didn't come back. A week or two later a hunter, prowling through a willow thicket after prairie-chickens near Cottonwood Ranch, stumbled onto his body, frozen stiff and a bullet hole in his head. The hunter loaded the corpse into his wagon and headed for Nevada City. Everybody was used to seeing murdered men, but for some reason that one touched off the powder keg. I reckon it was because it was found so near Dempsey's hangout. "No use to go for Plummer," one of the crowd muttered. "None, I reckon this is a job us fellers has got to do if it's done," said a man. Pretty soon there was a bunch of men with their heads together. They weren't saying much but there was a lot of nodding. Out of that huddle came the Vigilantes Committee. They all took an oath. This was it: "We the undersigned uniting ourselves in a party for the laudible purpose of arresting thieves & murderers & recovering stolen property do pledge ourselves upon our sacred honor each to all others & solemnly swear that we will reveal no secrets, violate no laws of right & never desert each other or our standard of justice so help us God as witness our hand & seal this 23 of December A. D. 1863." It wasn't very fancy but it sure meant business. The Vigilantes named Jim Williams to be their boss. He was a hard-bitten sort, just the man for

the job, cold as a frozen tombstone and afraid of nothing. An old friend of mine, George Silverberg, was one of the Vigilantes and I got it all mighty straight from him. The law and order boys didn't lose any time after they made up their minds. About 10 o'clock the night Iball's body was brought to Nevada City twenty-five silent men were in the saddle, pounding leather over the icy trail to Cottonwood Ranch. They surrounded the ranch house, moved in at daybreak, and had guns in the ribs of a whole pack of Plummerites before they could roll out of their blankets. In the bunch was "Long John" French, George Hilderman, "Whisky Bill" Graves, "Old Tex" Crowell, George Ives and Alex Carter. "Long John," Jim Williams said, pointing a pistol at his man, "we want yuh!" French walked out and Williams and a couple other Vigilantes led him to the clump where Iball's body was found. "Yuh killed th' Dutchman here, Long John," Williams said, "an' yuh're goin' to pay for it." "So help me, I didn't do it," Long John sputtered. The others were crowding around him. Somebody found the mule Iball had ridden to the ranch. Long John, a coward at heart, didn't like the looks of the faces around him. "I been afraid to talk, but I'll tell yuh what I know. I didn't do it, but one of th' fellers that killed th' Dutchman is down there now." "Who was it?" Williams barked at him. "It's George Ives." The Vigilantes stalked back to the ranch house. "Ives," Williams said, "yuh're going to Nevada

HOUSEHOLD HINTS FOR ACROBATIC DANCERS



Even the Business of Slicing Bread Can Help Dancers Keep Strong and Limber.

MORE than one physical trainer has suggested to American housewives that they can take the bread out of the kitchen and use it in the pink of physical exercises by making some of their domestic chores into exercises.

These experts have even gone to the trouble of working out ways to get rhythmic movements while making beds or running the vacuum cleaner. But they have nothing on the acrobatic dancing team of Kay Kelle and Doris Deane who say they have found several ways of keeping in trim for their vaudeville and night club appearances during the routine duties of keeping house.

Probably the girls are not completely serious in their suggestion to other members of the profession, and in women in general, but the photographs on this page show one or two little tricks for taking the drudgery out of cooking.

When the girls want to get something out of the icebox they don't just open the door and reach in — if one of the pictures

on this page is a fair sample of their behavior. Kay, the heavier of the two, is shown grasping her partner under the knees. Doris arches her back and raises the icebox in the best stage manner of the second half of an average dance team.

Another of the photographs shows the girls in a rather unusual bit of cooperation. Doris stirs something in a frying pan while Kay sits on the floor peeling potatoes. She also holds her partner on her shoulders — as she does when the girls are doing their turn on the stage or on the floor of a nightclub.

The other photograph reveals a most interesting way of slicing bread. Many a bachelor who feels that a dull job might take an entirely new interest in re-baking a loaf of whole wheat or rye bread into slices if he had a pretty and shapely acrobatic dancer in the house.

Kay and Doris are not foolish enough to advise housewives of all shapes, sizes and ages to try these tricks while throwing a meal together for their so-called better halves.



The Members of a Dancing Team Apparently Have Few Dull Moments Even at Humdrum Household Duties.

Is it marked
PHILADELPHIA BRAND?
...That's the way to get
Cream Cheese
GUARANTEED FRESH



PEAR AND STRAWBERRY SALAD. Slightly soften Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with a little milk and fill pastry tube with it. For each salad place 2 pear halves on crisp lettuce and fill centers with the cream cheese forced through the pastry tube. Garnish the pears with strawberries cut in lengthwise slices.



PEPPERMINT ROLL. Sift 1 cup confectioners sugar with 3 tablespoons cocoa, ¼ cup flour, ¼ teaspoon salt. Add this to 3 well-beaten egg yolks, mix well. Fold in 5 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour on sheet pan (10½" x 15½") lined with well-greased wax paper. Bake 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Turn out on cloth well sprinkled with confectioners sugar, leaving the paper on until the cake has steamed a minute or two. Pull off paper and cool. Soften three 3-oz. packages of Philadelphia Brand Cream Cheese with 2 tablespoons milk, fold in ½ cup crushed peppermint stick candy. Spread cake with this mixture, roll up, wrap in wax paper; chill for an hour or more. Sprinkle top with confectioners sugar before serving.



BEFORE you put a package of cream cheese in your market basket, look for the "high sign" of exquisitely fresh flavor... the two words: Philadelphia Brand. They are printed on every package of this cream cheese made only by Kraft and guaranteed fresh.

You know how important freshness is in cream and milk. Cream cheese is made from fine

cream and milk; to have an exquisitely delicate flavor it must come to you fresh. That's why Kraft speeds Philadelphia Brand new-made to food stores.

Get some of this tempting Philadelphia Brand today to serve for dessert... to spread in sandwiches... or to add "sparkle" and food values to one of your salads.

Made fresh daily not far from every major city market

Rushed to food stores in refrigerated trucks and cars

Sells fast. Your dealer's stock is fresh!

TUNE in Bing Crosby, with star cast and famous guests, Every Thursday night, NBC Red Network

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY KRAFT

NEW! THE CHEESE COOK BOOK. A really important cook book! Shows you wonderful ways to use this protective food. 27 color illustrations—186 recipes in all—the selections of Mary Dahlke, foremost authority on cheese cookery. Smirly bound in water-resistant cloth. Send your name, address, and only 25¢ in coin to Kraft Cheese Company, 500-B Pershing Court, Chicago

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The Queerest Crimes of 1941

THE police blotters of the country and the records of the FBI reveal some shockingly violent behavior during the past year — but it is in the files of the nation's insurance adjusters that the queerest petty crimes are to be found.

For example, a sneak thief stole the week's washing off the clothes line of Mrs. Lorus Jackson in Salt Lake City. A week later the same anti-social individual—or some one in cahoots with him—came back and carted away Mrs. Jackson's washing machine.

Even bolder was the burglar who attended a testimonial dinner given to a New Jersey sheriff by a group of admiring detectives and police chiefs. The guest of honor was presented with a pair of silver candlesticks, which were missing when he got around to going home. The crook who had invited himself to the party got away with the candlesticks when the sheriff was busy receiving congratulations.

Perhaps the smartest burglar of the year, according to the insurance files, was the night prowler in Newton, Massachusetts, who always took along a rubber bone to win the affections of dogs that might interfere with his avocation.

Honors for being the nerviest crook of the year would seem to belong to a heavy-handed thug in St. Paul, Minnesota, who was

caught in the act of prying up three sections of a cement sidewalk and loading them into his automobile. About the time he had finished the job some observant citizen called the attention of the police to the man's unorthodox behavior and the cops caught up with him. His alibi was this, "Sure, I took the sidewalk, I didn't know anybody owned it."

Bus companies were the victims in two unusual misadventures. One concern reported the loss of a 26-passenger bus from a parking place in Jersey City, New Jersey. A few hours later, the machine was found abandoned on a street in Newark, several miles away. No crook was found and the police assumed that the bus had only been borrowed by someone who was in a hurry.

In Syracuse, New York, a nervous young man "borrowed" a bus, somewhat smaller than the one that disappeared from Jersey City and drove through the streets of the community for three hours picking up passengers and collecting fares. When his pockets were heavy with nickels and dimes he parked the bus beside the curb and skipped before the police caught up with him.

In Washington, D. C., a thief made off with a mailman's cart—but had the decency to deliver all the letters before he was

When Nose Stuffs Up With a Cold



Any Time... Any Place
Get greater breathing comfort quick with the new, built-in Vicks Inhaler. It's packed with effective mentholatum. Grand for a cold-nosed nose! And you can use it as often as needed!



VICKS INHALER
CHILDREN'S COLDS
To relieve misery in Vicks Vaporub...
VICKS VAPORUB

IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.



She's Only 28...

but her skin looks 40 near her eyes and mouth!

My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps keep those little signs of age from showing.

YES, she's only 28. And that's all she looks from a distance. But as she comes toward you, as she comes closer and closer, you begin to wonder if she isn't a little older than she says. For you can't help notice a little line around her eyes—a drawn, tired look around her mouth.

And as she walks closer, if you think—oh, she must be much older than 28! Around her eyes and mouth she looks 40 at least!

Watch the "Danger Zones" of Your Skin!

See little signs of age show first where there is most motion, where skin is constantly being stretched and relaxed by speaking, laughing, frowning and eating.

But my 4-Purpose Face Cream, used generously at these points of motion, helps keep your skin supple—helps keep it soft and smooth. It's the way thousands of women

like me, thought, Rinnan, he doesn't like me at all. "You seem very little like a Norwegian, Mr. Rinnan!"

The Chief shrugged. "Have it your way," he said and turned back to his cabin.

He paced the narrow open space of his quarters thoughtfully. For the first time in his life he was homesick. For the first time, after sailing on Norwegian ships all these years, he felt like an alien. There was a fire burning in these other men that he didn't seem to have. There was a willingness almost an eagerness, to die for their country's cause. He felt ashamed of himself because he could experience only a tinge of the hatred his shipmates seemed to share.

Harlan, for instance, ready to flood the engine-room with the mate almost anxious to blow them all out of the water; Lovick blithely arranging a radio apparatus which would expose them all to shooting if put into operation. He stopped and looked out across the sparkling water.

Perhaps if not Norwegian any more, his stomach seemed to follow him over. What am I, then? What am I?

At luncheon he could feel the hostility of the other officers. Captain Kuren, usually bubbling with good humor, ate swiftly, a faint scowl on his clean-shaven face. Over his coffee he finally looked across the table at Rinnan.

"You don't approve of our preparations, Chief?"

The other officers became deeply interested in their plates. With a strange weariness, Rinnan met the Captain's eyes.

"Naturally I approve of the idea behind them," he said slowly, "but it seems to me the effort is wasted. If anything stops us, it'll be a torpedo or a submarine. We'll be lucky to have time to get into the boats."

"How far is it now, Chief?"

He smiled back at the grinning men. For days even the crew had spoken to him only in grunts. "Only four hundred miles or so. We'll be in late tomorrow, maybe."

One of the officers jumped into the air, clicking his heels together. "You know what I'm going to do first? I'm going to..."

He never finished the sentence. There was a shrill, angry whine in the air, and a hundred feet away from them the sea erupted in a geyser of dirty white water. The sudden cough of the explosion almost muffled the below from the lookout at the foremasthead.

"Submarine! Submarine!" The events of the next few minutes were never completely clear to Georg Rinnan. Men seemed to pour out on deck, shouting. He leaned over the bulwarks. There, right in the center of the sea, just off the starboard bow, lay the submarine. He could look at it only for a moment, the light behind it was so strong. The next instant he was spinning across the deck and his ears were filled with a stunning reverberation as the radio room and part of the chart house disintegrated into shattering splinters. As if by magic, the decks which had been crowded, cleared. One of the officers lay sprawled on the steel plates, looking feebly.

Rinnan found himself in his cabin, making a careful pile of cigarettes and chocolate tins on his table. They'll shell us to pieces, he thought. They'll set us afire."

There were more explosions. When he realized it, he went back outside. Other members of the crew were coming cautiously from hiding, gather-

ing in the well-deck before the center of the ship. To a wireless operator, grinning insistently, slid down from the boat deck to join them. The submarine was rapidly moving away.

"Pretty cocky," Rinnan murmured aloud. "Captain Kuren, and his crew, coldly noted toward the stern. 'There's no reason, U. boat pack.'"

On the starboard quarter, spread out a sea or so apart, were three other submarines. The first one was almost alongside now and turned parallel to the wallowing Atlantic. Her deck gun swung menacingly toward the group of the tanker and an officer on a conning tower put a megaphone to his lips.

"What's up?" The cry was in English.

Captain Kuren cupped his hands and said his mouth.

-BAT PACK

"ALPHELD, NORWEGIAN!" "That's right, but in factless Norwegian," he whispered, and drank quickly.

It was almost dawn. The half pale sun had pounded the Ausfeld's stern for three days, leaving an oily, heaving sea. Day after day they had marched eastward, rolling and pitching, water, sweeping the low decks with unvarying regularity, since leaving west.

"Skall!" he whispered, and drank quickly.

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the young man's blond head. Harlan collapsed at his feet. The Chief moved swiftly among the machinery, throwing valves, starting auxiliary motors, checking dials. When he was satisfied he helped the groggy young engineer to his feet and up the ladder to the deck.

The submarine officer and three men, all of whom were armed with hand grenades and submachine guns, were confronting the captain. The officer, a red-eyed, hungry-looking man was blackly snarling.

"Where is the radio?" he shouted, waving his pistol before Captain Kuren's set face. "I'll shoot you down! Where is that radio hidden? Tell me!"

He lifted the gun barrel and pointed it at the captain's head. Kuren's eyes glared, but his jaws set defiantly.

"It's in the lifebelt box on the boat deck," Rinnan said quietly. The submarine officer whirled to stare at him, then ordered two of his men off to search for it. The entire crew of the Ausfeld looked at Rinnan with naked loathing. Lovick's mouth

worked angrily and then he jumped forward, slamming his fist twice into Rinnan's mouth before the German officer could bring his gun down on Lovick's head, knocking him unconscious. Rinnan, blinded with pain, fell to the deck and struck the back of his head, a sickening thud against the deckhouse. He raised himself to his knees, spitting blood, feeling his broken teeth with his tongue, shaking his head to clear it.

"I will shoot the next man," the submarine officer snapped. He looked down with curiosity and contempt at Rinnan. "You have four thousand tons of good Diesel oil aboard. What tanks?"

The Chief pulled himself to his feet, still shaking his head. He pressed his handkerchief against his bleeding mouth. "One, two, three and five," he said. He looked into Larson's hate-filled eyes, then turned to the German. There are explosives attached to number three tank. Maybe the others."

The German laughed harshly: (Continued on Page 18)

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BLONDES! Try New 11 Minute Shampoo and RINSE at Home!



1. New method—no liquid. Fragrant powder dissolves into rich creamy shampooing lather.
2. Specially made for Blondes. Washes hair lighter, softer—does for children's hair.
3. Helps keep hair free from dandruff. Brightens faded blonde hair.
4. For equivalent lather and volume use only 11 minutes to use and give hair a really restful shampoo.
5. Good for whole head.
6. Only very little to use at 10¢, drug and dept. stores.

BLONDEX
Shampoo and Rinse for Blondes

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the night of magazines.

Take a Little Time to be Lovelier!



Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet—based on advice of skin specialists!

"MY SKIN FOUND a friend for life when I went on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet," says this charming bride, Mrs. Morton M. Rolleston, Jr., of Atlanta, Georgia.

Your skin, too, may want you compliments if you follow this easy beauty treatment. For, like so many other women, you may be cleansing your skin improperly or using a beauty soap that isn't as mild as it should be. Remember, skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is just what you need—the mildest of the dozens of popular soaps that we tested.

Try the Camay Mild-Soap Diet for 30 days. Faithfully night and morning give your skin a thorough beauty cleansing with milder Camay. In just a few short weeks, you may possess a lovelier complexion!



Tonight—start the
CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

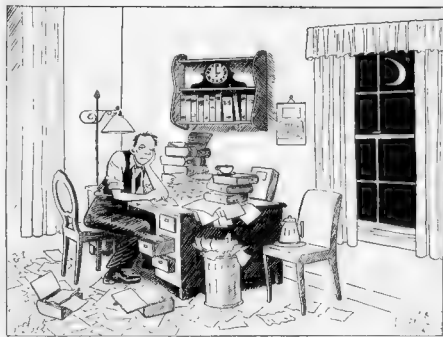
The dilemma of C. Edward Lasher

PITY THE FLIGHT OF C. Edward Lasher. His discomfort is the result of having said to himself: "I won't ask an agent to help me plan my life insurance program. I'll do it myself!"

What steps would he have to take... what knowledge must he acquire in order to give himself the service and advice he would ordinarily get from an agent?

First, of course, it is necessary to consider his needs... determine how each of these needs, such as family protection, education of children, debt retirement, and so on, can best be met by life insurance. He could do this by analyzing, just as an agent would, how life insurance has met similar problems in thousands of other cases.

Then, he must study the various kinds of life insurance to see which are best suited to his personal and family requirements. He would learn that there are three basic types of life insurance—Whole Life, Endowment, and Term, each with features especially fitting it for certain purposes, and each more or less interchangeable with the others. He would learn that within



these three basic types there are many different kinds of policies, each designed to help meet some specific situation.

Which can contribute most to his family's security? Which will best meet his children's educational needs? Which will build him an adequate retirement income? How much is necessary? Maybe, by using the optional modes of settlement available

under the various forms of life insurance, one particular policy answers all his problems.

So, he would want to study these methods of settlement. Also, before determining costs, it is necessary to find out the class of risk in which his occupation places him. He should study the various methods of premium payment to learn how he could most conveniently keep his life insurance in force.

If Mr. Lasher did all these things, he might arrive, at length, at some answer to his personal problem. We think that the deeper he delved, the more likely he would be to seek some expert guidance as to the kind and amount of life insurance he should have... advice which requires the knowledge and experience of a trained life insurance agent.

FORM NO. 10-1 METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

This Number 47 is a series of advertisements designed to give the public a clearer understanding of how a life insurance company operates. Copies of preceding advertisements in this series will be mailed upon request.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederic B. Ecker, CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD LEO A. LINDS, PRESIDENT
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Smart Fashions for Milady!

THE easy-to-use dress patterns that appear in this and every issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY bring the season's newest styles within reach of all discerning women readers. Look for the smart patterns in this issue!

Lady Esther
4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

Mail coupon for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Off you take on Camay, Lady Esther, Lasher, Toronto, Ont.



16



The Smiling Nurse in the Photograph Above Is Giving a Young American His First Lesson at Standing on His Own Feet.

THAT bouncing little baby you've got around the house—what's he going to be like 20 years from today? Will he be a young athlete, or a puny, hollow-cheeked youth? Whatever he is, he will be your product—for, barring illness outside anybody's control, it lies within your power to condition the household's baby of today to be the man of tomorrow.

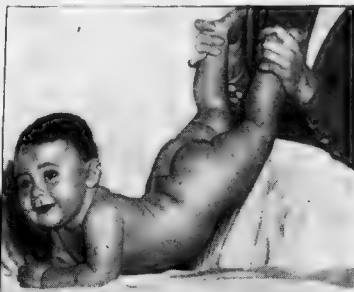
Time was when mothers were warned that their babies were delicate and had to be handled with the same care as thin-shelled eggs, but modern doctors now have learned that your youngster can take it, and that

by getting him to work his muscles early, you can help him get a flying physical start in life.

Begin developing your future Tarzan when he is only a few months old. The program for infants should be simple—such as gently rotating the arms, or letting them lift their own weight by grasping your index fingers, but never overdo it.

The photographs on this page, taken in the pediatric department of St. Vincent's General Hospital in New York City, show the proper methods of putting babies-in-arms through their daily dozen. All of these exercises

EXERCISES FOR INFANTS



The Exercise Above—Which Babies Actually Enjoy—Strengthens the Back, the Legs and Stomach Muscles.

are designed to strengthen the back, shoulder, neck and leg muscles. By beginning these workouts when the youngster is

five or six months old, and increasing them as the tot grows older, a physically sound young man should be the result.

Such preparation for the future should not be confined to baby baths alone, for it is just as important that the young woman of 1960 have physically sound babies.

The daily dozen by itself will not make your youngster into a perfect physical specimen. Proper feeding with the right amount of health-giving vitamins is just as important to his or her normal development.

Hospitals throughout the United States are now offering mothers instructions in the proper calisthenics to insure healthy childhood and adolescence. Doctors also prescribe special exercises when certain conditions in babies need correcting.

At St. Vincent's General Hospital hundreds of mothers have been educated to put their babies through the healthful antics shown on this page.

But do not start building up your infant without first receiving instructions from your local nurse or doctor because there are some exercises, which, if improperly done, may prove harmful to little bodies.

Splendid NEWaid



for DRY SKIN!

Leaves a skin that is rough, flaky, itchy, and dry! It is spread with little dry, a good line!

Then use this new cream—Pond's Dry Skin Cream.

Thrilling as it is! Smooths it on face, neck, throat—hands, feet, legs—25 to 30 minutes, but daily—411; the difference! It helps your skin become softer, smoother, richer, suppler—helps dry lines disappear!

A Different Cream! This new cream is so effective because:

1. It contains 1 AMIN, very similar to natural skin oil.
2. It is HYPOALLERGENIC to help it reach into the dried skin cells.
3. It contains a SPECIAL EMULSION for extra softening.

Get Pond's Dry Skin Cream TODAY—10¢, 25¢, 50¢.

FREE! Write Pond's, Dept. 134-DE, Canton, Conn., for generous free trial.

Offer good in U.S. only.

HOW TO USE... If cold winds have dried and roughened your skin, apply Pond's Dry Skin Cream daily. Leave on least 5 minutes. Better still use as even, as night cream. It helps coax dry skin back to dewy softness.

I'M NOURISHING,
AND GOOD FOR YOU...

WHAT'S MORE,
WE LIKE YOUR
FLAVOR, TOO!



NOW! AMERICA'S BREAKFAST FAVORITE

with CORN and TAPIOCA BLENDED IN to give you the

BEST-TASTING OATMEAL CEREAL YOU'VE EVER HAD!

... AND IT COMES ALL READY TO EAT!

So Delicious We Guarantee: Your Money Back If ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY Doesn't Like It!

FOR generations, America's "old reliable" for solid nourishment has been oatmeal. Now comes CHEERIOATS...the modern oatmeal breakfast food...to provide you with important vitamin-and-mineral nutritional values of oatmeal in delicious ready-to-eat form!

CHEERIOATS has a "flavor formula" that will be good news at every breakfast table! By a special process, CORN and TAPIOCA are blended in...for super-crispness, and a captivating flavor like no other cereal you've ever tried, hot or cold!

No compromise with nourishment thought! For CHEERIOATS is 75% ground

oatmeal...and provides FULL OATMEAL AMOUNTS of all three precious nutritional values: Vitamin B₁, needed by children for normal growth and by adults for normal nerve functioning. Vitamin A, necessary for proper growth and weight in children. Iron, for good red blood. Calcium and Phosphorus, for sound, strong bones and teeth in full oatmeal amounts!

CHEERIOATS is all ready to eat just as it comes from the package. Add to delicious that we actually guarantee your money back if any member of your family doesn't like it. Fair enough? General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.



This is an Excellent Exercise for Youngsters Five or Six Months Old. The Arms Are Not "Pumped" and the Infant Is Encouraged to Pull With Its Hands.



Preached His Own Funeral Sermon

MANY men have written their own obituaries which appeared in the newspapers after they had passed on to their reward but few have been able to preach their own funeral sermons.

Down in Fort Worth, Texas, the other day the Reverend T. S. Cobb, a minister who had divided his life between extolling the Christian virtues and teaching music lay ill on a hospital bed. He had gathered a host of relatives, other patients and nurses about him and he addressed them briefly on man's place in the world and how far short he fell of filling it. The Reverend Cobb

waxed eloquent and spoke with burning zeal. He exhorted his little audience to lead the good life and fight the good fight. And when he finished, there were furtive dabs at eyes with handkerchiefs here and there, and a few muffled sobs.

As the tired man of God lay back on his pillows and a nurse bathed his forehead with a cooling towel, he rose on one elbow and looked long and searchingly at the little group.

"This is my funeral sermon" the Reverend Cobb said, and he was right. On the following day which, oddly enough, happened to be his 66th birthday, he died.

HAVE YOURSELF SOME FUN FOR BREAKFAST!

CHEERIOATS is so new and different and unusual... it makes a bit on sight! It doesn't even look like any other breakfast food you ever had before. Comes in the novel and intriguing shape of little miniature "doughnuts"...hole and all...round and crisp and toasty brown...an all-time high in eye appeal and appetite appeal. Made to stay deliciously, delightfully crisp in milk or cream. And simply chockfull of a delicate natural blended flavor that your taste won't tire of.

WHEE! IT LOOKS LIKE A LOT OF LITTLE DOUGHNUTS!





STOP SOAPING YOUR HAIR!
IT LEAVES A DULL SOAP FILM

Modern Halo Shampoo—Reveal Your Hair's Natural Lustrous Color!

OLD FASHIONED soap shampoos are a dull, soapy film that leaves your hair looking flat and lifeless. This is why the hair of modern women is so much more beautiful than that of women of a few years ago. Halo Shampoo is the answer. It is a gentle, non-irritating shampoo that cleanses the scalp and hair without stripping away the natural oils. It leaves the hair soft, smooth, and lustrous. It is available in all sizes, from 10¢ to 10¢.

HALO SHAMPOO
REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR



Is WINTER'S BITE on your Hands?

When winter begins to bite on your hands, they will be grateful for Mentholatum. Mentholatum does far more than cool and soothe chapped skin. It contains medicinal ingredients which assist nature to more quickly begin healing. Balm or Ointment, 25¢. For generous free trial size write to: Mentholatum Company, 419 Marlin Building, Wilmington, Delaware.

MENTHOLATUM

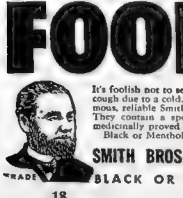
YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID!

3¢ A DAY HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

SICKNESS OR ACCIDENT

POLICY PAYS
\$54000
\$13500
\$3000
\$100000

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE
NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Box AM 2-3, Wilmington, Del.



SMITH BROS. COUGH DROPS
BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢

(Continued from Page 16)

"Some day we may repay you. It was accommodating of you to bring your oil right to us, Captain. We need it, badly. We are sinking so many of you that hunting has been bad this trip. Now we can stay out longer!" The two men dispatched to silence the radio returned, nodding. "You disobeyed orders, Captain," the officer said, turning again to Keren. "You and the radioman." He looked the prostrate Lowick with his head. "You will come with me. The High Command will decide your fate. The rest of you get into the boats and get out of here. Be thankful we do not sink you!"

The crew hurried off to the boats. Rinnan, still numb, unable to think clearly, feeling faint, moved slowly after them. The officer stopped him. "You want to come with us?"

Rinnan looked at him, then shook his head and walked toward Larson's boat into which the groggy Harlan had been lifted. The men made no move to help him into the boat and Rinnan had to scramble over their unyielding bodies to reach a small corner in the very bow of the lifeboat. They dropped to the water, the falls were unhooked, the oars shipped and the men began to pull away.

As they moved between the still dripping submarine and the wallowing tanker, Larson's eyes bore into Rinnan's, mesmerically. "Tonight," the mate said, scarcely moving his lips, "I think that I shall kill you with my own hands."

Rinnan looked off. His whole face throbbled, and something within his head seemed to swell and contract like a bellows. The other submarines were closing in on the tanker now and the first one was already alongside, her crew swarming up onto the deck. Suddenly the scene seemed to take on the hazy aspect of a dream. Rinnan felt the strength go out of his body all at once. A great film slipped over his eyes. The tanker blurred, Larson's hate-filled face became misty and then everything was black and soundless.

When he came to, the sun was hidden behind grey clouds. A hard, cold wind had risen, building up the oily sea until they were about ready to break. The crew was still rowing, but the plunging, rolling motion of the boat made their efforts difficult. The three other boats were strung out behind them in a ragged line. Rinnan pulled himself and tried to stretch his cramped body a little. His head still throbbed, but he could think clearly again. He looked down the length of the boat and met Larson's eyes again: the hate was still there, glowing like burning coals.

"When it is dark," Larson said hoarsely, his voice barely audible in the wind, "when it is..."

He broke off, staring past Rinnan's head. Then he was on his feet, yelling wildly. The men dropped their oars and stood on the thwart of the rolling boat, their hoarse voices rising in a



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U-BOAT PACK

would snatch it back. All eyes were focused on the ship, and for a time the only sound was the whine of the wind in the destroyer's aerial.

"Is that so?" the young captain snapped.

Rinnan shook his head slowly. He was tired; tired of being fearless, of seeing naked hate on the faces of the men around him.

"They didn't get away with it," he said, surprised to find his voice so hoarse. It was hardly more than a whisper. "They're still there, or near there..."

"What's that?" The British officer gripped his arm.

Slowly, George Rinnan met the eyes of Larson, and Eyvind Harlan, and all the Austfeld's crew.

"You were so full of hate," he said, "you couldn't see beyond the destruction of the oil; the sinking of the ship. That was only England—only Norway would be hurt. Maybe... I guess I'm not much of a Norwegian, because I saw beyond that. I pumped the moles into the Diesel oil. You know what sugar does to bearings and cylinders..."

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lips and the burning run brought consciousness back to him with a rush. This time, when his vision cleared, the looks on the face of Larson and the second engineer were enough to bring hot, smarting tears to Rinnan's eyes. "Self-consciously, Eyvind Harlan lifted his mug to his chief engineer.

"Skall!" he said, and the Austfeld's crew echoed him.

"The events and characters depicted in this story are fictitious and any apparent similarity to actual persons living or dead is merely a coincidence."

What happens when a devoted young husband keeps a secret from his wife?

You'll find an answer in this clever short story replete with amusing complications. It's called:

WHAT'S IN A NAME

By F. C. Jensen

Watch for it. Complete in next week's issue of The American Weekly.

HOW TO FIGHT HEADACHES 3 ways at same time!



Get after Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

• A headache disturbs your nervous system; with jumpy nerves often goes an upset stomach, in turn affecting the pain in your head—thus making a "vicious circle." Many single-acting pain relievers may still leave you feeling dull, sickish.

Today millions get after headache's "vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer, because it acts 3 ways at the same time; not only helps sleep pain, but also calms nerves and settles stomach. Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer. See what a difference it makes!

*Use only as directed on the label. For persistent or recurring headaches, see your doctor.

BROMO-SELTZER



NOTHING DOING!

I want that

NEW "Luxury Texture"

WALDORF

And no fooling! For Waldorf is now softer than ever—just what Baby loves! Strong and safe, too—a real family tissue. Cost only a penny a day. Look for that distinctive lighter ivory tint.



NEW LUXURY TEXTURE for GENTLE CLEANSING 5¢

How General MacArthur Broke Up a Poker Game

WHEN the history of this war is written, there will be many pages reserved for the gallant exploits of General Douglas MacArthur and the brave fighting men who served so ably under him in the Philippines.

Already stories about America's hero are being recalled and one of them came the other day from a man who had attended West Point with the General. It shows that MacArthur, a good disciplinarian, knew where to draw the line even as a young man and was the owner of a sense of humor that often got more effective results than a "bawling out."

One man who has occasion to know, Colonel Thomas M. Gimp-

ering, district recruiting officer, recalled in Denver the other day how General MacArthur effectively dissolved a forbidden poker game at the Military Academy 39 years ago, when he was officer of the day.

Colonel Gimperring and several other cadets had quietly drifted away from a dance one warm Spring night back in 1903 to enjoy a quiet game of poker in one of the Academy's locker rooms. Things had just gotten going good and every man's attention was on his cards when, suddenly, they heard the clank of a saber. One of the men quickly snatched a bath mat from the floor to cover the incriminating chips when MacArthur spoke, "Gentlemen," said the officer

of the day, "one look at the gathering convinces me that you have in hand matters more serious than a quiet game of poker in one of the Academy's locker rooms. Things had just gotten going good and every man's attention was on his cards when, suddenly, they heard the clank of a saber. One of the men quickly snatched a bath mat from the floor to cover the incriminating chips when MacArthur spoke, "Gentlemen," said the officer

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Served His Friends a Meal of Crow, Woodchuck and Skunk

MR. AND MRS. EUGENE HURTUBISE, of Dover, a New Hampshire, have just celebrated their 35th wedding anniversary in an unusual manner. They gave a banquet for about 25 friends ending out invitations that read as follows: "Dear Sir or Madam: In honor of our 35th year of married life we are giving a little 'Guess What' banquet and would appreciate your attendance. At our home Wednesday night 6:30."

There was first of all a soup which was pronounced excellent, then a pot pie that also went well and finally a mysterious dish that was served as a fricassee on toast.

At the end of the dinner Hurtubise calmly announced that everybody had been eating crow,

Hurtubise said that it had taken practically 200 crows to furnish the meal everyone had just enjoyed and that he had paid small boys 10 cents each for all the birds they brought in, considering that it was Winter and the vast bulk of the crow family is South, was quite a haul. Hurtubise explained that out in Oklahoma, Kansas and Texas crows have come to be such a table delicacy that boys are regularly employed to scour the fields and shoot the birds.

In many ways a crow's life is not unlike that of a wild turkey. It is frequently a corn fed bird as any one might guess from the hundreds of acorn-cakes up in corn fields. Nobody was insulted at the crow meat announcement but Hurtubise wasn't through.

There was some resentment, however, when he went on to say he had also served woodchuck, fricassee on toast, but he explained that this beast is a clean feeding animal that lives chiefly on herbs and green stuff.

One article on the menu, however, that had proved particularly tasty created a sensation when it was identified. That was fried skunk. Actually, there is one strip of flesh that may be cut from the skunk that is a real delicacy, but it must be cut out by an expert after the scent bag has been removed.

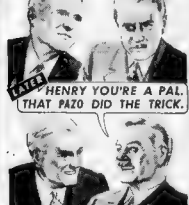
A COLLEGE CO-ED THAT WEARS QUILLS



The old-fashioned "modern woman" often declares that she knows no other life than the life of a married woman. But not "Quilla," the pet of the wildlife management department of Pennsylvania State College.

Today such a declaration is a mistake. Quilla, a young woman, is a student at the college. She is a member of the Quilla Club, and she is a member of the Quilla Club. She is a member of the Quilla Club, and she is a member of the Quilla Club.

DON'T SUFFER, BILL. PAZO RELIEVES THE TORMENT OF SIMPLE PILES!



For over thirty years, PAZO ointment has brought prompt relief to millions of people suffering with simple Piles. Here's why: PAZO ointment soothes inflamed areas, soothes and soothes. Second, PAZO ointment lubricates hardened, dried parts—helps prevent cracking and soreness. Third, PAZO ointment tends to reduce swelling and check bleeding. Fourth, it's easy to use. PAZO ointment's perforated Pile Pipe makes application simple, thorough. Your doctor can tell you about PAZO ointment. Get PAZO ointment from your druggist, today.

CORNS GO QUICK!



Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

WHY LOOK AND FEEL MISERABLY OLD?

Kruschen Salts

THE GREATEST BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

ANY co-ed who had to go off to school with only one outfit probably would pass up campus life and stay at home. But not "Quilla," the pet of the wildlife management department of Pennsylvania State College.

Quilla wears her breeding tail and Winter and Summer dress with collegiate monochrome. She gets more attention than any other feminine member of the student body. She did not come to college of her own free will, but arrived there in the care of Dr. Logan J. Bennett, leader of the co-operative wildlife research unit, who ran across her in the woods.

The little porcupine was still to be skinned in the interests of science, but she won an unexpected reprieve when one of the students in the university discovered a bigger and better specimen of her breed which had been killed by a bear hunter.

The little lady, who grunts and snarls when she is disturbed

The Nazi Who Fooled Britain For 20 Minutes

ONE dark night, not long ago, a small plane flew high over Hertfordshire, England. A man plummeted from the ship, parachuted to earth and landed exactly where he figured to land, close by a patch of thick woods.

The German pondered for a moment, then said in his best British accent: "My good man, if you don't know where you're going, how should I?"

"No offense, mate, but am I headed for London Colney or away from it?"

The German shook his head and admitted he couldn't help the driver.

The truck started off again and a few yards down the road came upon a policeman peddling along his rural beat. The driver got his bearings from the officer. They chatted for a moment and the driver happened to mention the stranger he had just passed and said he seemed to be lost, too.

The policeman peddled off and soon caught up with Herr Richter.

It was part of his job to check up on all suspicious characters because it is known that Rudolph Hess is not the only Nazi to drop from the sky onto British soil. The cop suspected that the man who couldn't find his way to London was a stranger who didn't belong there.

An officer of the law was the last person the Nazi wanted to see. He said he was just out for a stroll, and the policeman said he had come from a man who said he had been in the air and the officer smiled a ray.

He talked amiably with the man until a police patrol car came along.

Then Richter was bundled into it and carried off to the police station. Several hundred pounds of English currency, a map and a compass were found in his pockets.



and dares anyone to touch her weighs about three pounds and ten ounces which is considerably less than she'll scale if and when she gets to be a big girl!

Full-grown members of the porcupine family weigh from 15 to 20 pounds, are about three feet long and have a six-inch tail. They are brownish-black



Beautiful, long-stemmed cut flowers for your home all Summer!

Now! A Thrillingly Different Perennial... GET THIS GORGEOUS New ROYAL LILAC Butterfly Bush

1942 Catalog Price... 75¢

Now only 10¢

and recipe folder 1 or facsimile 1 from 1 can of

Armour's Treet

America's Deliciously Different Meal-in-a-minute Meat!

Offered Solely to Acquaint More Thousands with Armour's Treet—the Hasty, Tasty, Thrifty, Ready-to-Eat Meat!

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It took 8 years for the growers to develop this exclusive Butterfly Bush. It's the only variety that produces flowers in the

The Photograph at the Left Shows the Bristling Pet of Pennsylvania's State College Eating Her Lunch of Chocolate Candy and Dog Biscuit on the Desk of Professor P. F. English.

in color, with white or yellowish white hairs which give them a salt and pepper look. The hind front teeth which the animal uses to nibble the bark of trees are kept sharp in color and work with a set of grinders in the back of the jaw.

Although Quilla is available enough with her tail she does not seem afraid of man dog or the devil. She seemed to be in the mood to be washed by Quilla's hair, before she not every one of these was counted by the student.

A porcupine, with only about 20 of its quills to pull a dog, so, by a simple operation it is fair to assume that Quilla has sufficient armament to fight off at least 1,000 dogs.

Facing all sorts of the contrary Quilla came through the weathers that bristle from her



"Quilla" is Not a Very Tidy Food and Has to Be Washed by One of Her Campus Mates at Least Once a Week.

body, and she does not seem to mind the water of a wash-bowl. It is almost as possible to get it out



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Conserving Rubber in the Home

By Mrs.
Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority
on Household Efficiency.

NATION-WIDE restriction in the use of rubber, made necessary by curtailed supply and the war needs of our country, places a real responsibility on all of us to our part in conserving it.

Everywhere we go, in almost everything we do, rubber plays a major part. We walk on it, sit on it, ride on it, wear it. We use it for a hundred different household needs, for everything from a baby's rubber teething-ring, or the rubber ring of our preserving jars, to rubber footwear, rubber apparel, rubber articles for the sick-room.

Rubber takes the shocks, absorbing the bumps and strains; lessens noise, adds to the mobility of many pieces of furniture, and makes possible the safe, convenient use of electrical appliances and equipment which require a cord well-wrapped with rubber to insulate our bridge lamp and our vacuum-cleaner. In short, we can say that rubber is a silent servant in the house, and only now, when the supply is curtailed, do we realize how big a part it plays in providing for us a higher standard of living.

The home-maker, in particular, can do much to aid in rubber conservation by conserving rubber articles already in use in the household, purchasing as replacements only items of the highest quality, and by taking the pains to learn how best to care for each article into which rubber enters.

The great enemies to the long life and service of all rubber goods are heat, sunlight, oil, grease, and gasoline. Consequently, any treatment which will keep rubber away from these conditions will automatically lengthen its usefulness.

Further, carelessness in use, in drying or storing rubber articles, will also impair and shorten the service obtained from them. Here is where the home-maker can take the following information and advice, as developed by the experts of the United States Rubber Company



over many years, and make practical application of it:

To Conserve Rubber Footwear: Never dry any rubber footwear by placing near a radiator, over a hot-air register, steam pipes or range. Do not throw into a locker, where often there are congealed steam-pipes, which are equally bad. To dry such articles, wipe off outside, and lay away from heat, away from the sun, and in such a place as has good ventilation. To dry inside, turn inside-out as far as possible. Hang up rubber boots, fishing or hunting boots. Never lay away when folded. Do not fling bathing sandals or beach footwear into the sun, or leave covered with sand and salt water. Rinse well with clear water, dry well, and lay away neatly.

To Preserve Rubber Raincoats and Other Apparel: Do not hang such garments near any heat. Hang on garment-hanger in an open space, to dry slowly at room temperature. To clean, wipe with mild soap and clear water. Never dryclean with chemicals, or attempt to remove spots, and do not fold when wet.

To Protect Rubber Articles, Such as Hot Water Bottles, etc.: Have you ever wanted a hot water bottle and found it useless because it was badly stuck together? What happened was that somebody put it away wrongly. After using any rubber bottle, ice-pot or ice-collar, drain off all water, then screw stopper part-way in, and blow-up enough air to keep the sides from sticking together. Then quickly screw in stopper very tight. Keep away from oils, perfumes, cold cream and cosmetics of any kind. Do not lay flat in drawer, but always hang up. Do not fill with boiling water, which is not only unnecessary and even dangerous, but also stretches the rubber uselessly.

After a syringe has been used with any antiseptic solution, rinse thoroughly with clear water before laying away. Do not leave the small metal shut-off clamp on the rubber tubing shut down, which creates a permanent dent in the tube, but leave open. If rubber washers on such articles are worn, replace with new washers to avoid leakage.

To Care for Rubber Gloves: After using in soapy water, or with any cleaning compounds, rinse in clear water, dry, and hang up with wooden clothes-pin clips on towel-bar.

To Care for Rubber-Covered Wire: The cord on every electric appliance or piece of equipment is covered with rubber coating. Since heat disintegrates rubber, try to avoid letting such wiring be near the heat of steam-pipes, radiators, etc. Avoid tangling the tubing—keep it wound neatly and out of the way of feet or other mishandling. Repair instantly if frayed.

To Care for Garden Hose: This is one piece of rubber goods which is all-important just now, not only for its use as a garden sprinkler, but because hose will become essential in fighting fires from bombs, etc. Yet the carelessness with which many people treat this vital fire-fighting accessory is downright shameful. Too often garden hose is left outdoors, and uncoiled. Why not remove it indoors, coil neatly on shelf or dry floor, and in a dry cool location, not the heated-basement? Do not hang hose up by nails, hooks or objects which could puncture it or put a permanent strain on it.

Keep Rubber Tape Carefully Coiled and Away from Heat: The home-maker may not realize that the white adhesive tape so needed for cuts and first-aid, and the black tape used in making connections of an electrical nature, such as splicing an appliance cord, are both rubber. Keep the roll neatly coiled, and thus moist. Keep away from heat—and this often means the bathroom medicine cabinet placed too near the steam heat.

To Care for Rubber Girdles: Few other articles into which rubber enters are as irreplaceable to women as the modern rubber girdle, or one with much rubber in its structure. Here, alas, is another item which the average woman mistreats—her girdle. Do not fling onto the floor, hang unevenly on a chair-back; above all, do not subject to long soaking in soda or chemical solutions when washing. Do not scour, or use hard friction

treatments, which tend to stretch elastic bands or garment.

Use mild white soap, rinse in clear water, and hang at room temperature to dry slowly, never force, hasty drying near steam-pipes. But to cleanse frequently, since girdles, now worn next the body, thus absorb perspiration and skin oils, both of which are harmful to rubber.

Care of Kitchen Rubber Items: In most kitchens, there are dozens of articles into which rubber enters: rubber ice-cube trays, rubber sink mat, rubber work gloves, rubber-covered draining trays, etc. See that they are not treated to scalding water, strong chemicals, or left near heat. Avoid ice-picks and other sharp instruments when removing ice-cubes, or the tray will be punctured. Remove ice-trays slowly, so as not to tear the tray.

Care of Golf Balls: The golfer will have to discover the care of the non-precious balls for himself, but everything that has been said above on the dangers of heat, careless handling, sunlight, and avoidance of sharp instruments, goes for golf balls, too.

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A SPECIAL ARTICLE —
"WOMEN WITHOUT MEN"
by Maxine Davis

What happens physically and mentally to women who stay single? ...To women who, once married, find their men gone—to wars and through divorce?...Can they live normal lives?...Do they develop phobias and quirks?

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